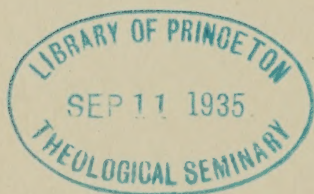
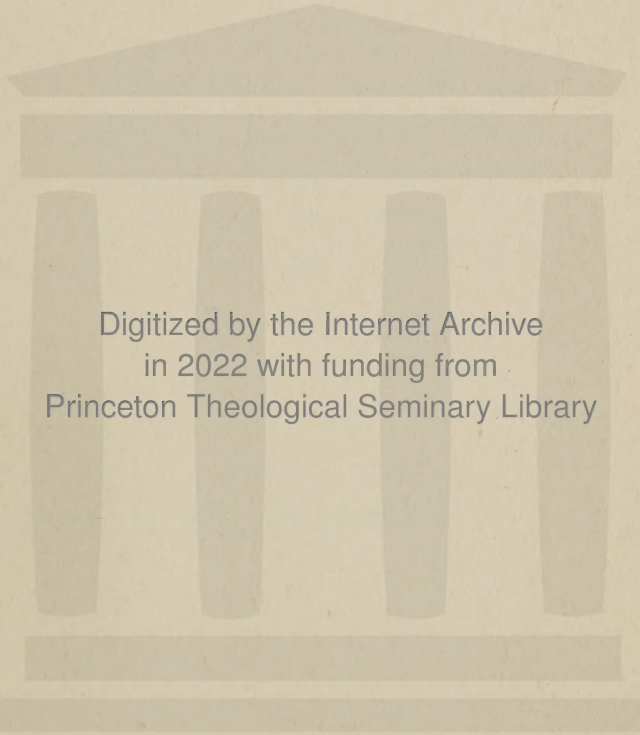


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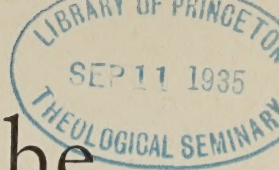
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Stories for the Junior Hour

*Stories and Dramatizations Adapted from
Scripture and Other Sources for the Use of
Workers with Junior Groups in Bible Schools,
Week-day Schools of Religious Education, Daily
Vacation Bible Schools and Junior Church.*

BY

ADA ROSE DEMEREST

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The Standard Publishing Company

DEDICATED
TO
MY MOTHER

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I.

THE HOME GOD HONORED.

IT was Christmas eve, though the family did not call it that. They knew it as the anniversary of the night when a son was born. There were other boys in the family and two girls—perhaps more. The ones who wrote down the original story failed to be exact as to the number.

The family sat on low cushions and mats around a meager charcoal fire that burned in a narrow earthenware pan, for the weather was not warm. A hanging-lamp cast a fitful light upon them. The scroll of the Scriptures was unrolled in the hands of the father. Every night the family gathered thus. Always they repeated together the Shema: "Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God is one Lord. And thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thine heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy might." Following that, each child repeated the ancient and holy law which God had given

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to their forefathers through Moses, beginning, "And God spake all these things, saying, I am the Lord thy God," and continuing on through the Ten Commandments. Then the father prayed to God for guidance for his family.

This night, after the recitation of the law and the prayer, one of the boys said: "Mother, tell us about the night when Jesus was born." For this was the family of Joseph, the carpenter of Nazareth, and Mary, his wife, in the far-away land of Palestine, nearly two thousand years ago.

It was a humble home in a small town. But the town was clean and orderly, like most Jewish towns. The one-room house, though scantily furnished and used as a carpenter-shop for Joseph as well as a home for the family, was clean and orderly. The worship of Jehovah set the Jews apart from the heathen idol-worshippers of those days. The women were more respected; there was happy home life; the members of the family were respectful in manner toward one another, and reverent and obedient to father and mother.

In Mary's heart were treasured memories, which made her know that Jesus would some day go out into the world to teach mankind of a better way of life than they knew, and

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reveal to them the wonderful love of God the Father, which they did not fully understand. Mary knew that Jesus was especially appointed for a great work in the world. She did not speak of these things often, treasuring them in her heart, but on this, His birthday night, she yielded to the request of another member of the family.

How still they all sat, while Mary told again of the angel's visit to announce to her the coming of Jesus. "After that," she said, "Joseph and I took the long, long journey to Bethlehem, the tribal city of our wonderful ancestor David. It was the king's command that all should go to the city of their ancestors to be enrolled for taxation. How dismayed we were to find the inn full. But, oh! how thankful we became when we were given the stable opening into the courtyard of the inn. Any kind of shelter seemed good to us that night."

How sweet her voice was as she continued: "After the child was born and had been wrapped in swaddling-clothes and laid in the manger, shepherds came. They told us they had had a wonderful vision of angels that filled the whole heavens with light, and who announced to them that the babe just born was the

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promised Messiah. And afterwards, wise men and rich from far-off lands, following a star that guided them to that humble birthplace, came to pay homage to my child."

The story that Mary told that long-ago night to her little family was the same one that we have heard so often at the Christmas time. But it had only been told a few times then, and everybody listened in awe and wonder.

Then Mary arose and went to a rude cupboard. She brought back a golden vessel—one of the few household treasures. Holding it in her hand, she said: "The wise men brought gifts. The most valuable ones we had to sell for our trip down into Egypt, where we went to save the young child's life. But in this vessel was wonderfully sweet incense which they burned there in the stable as they knelt before Jesus."

She put the vessel on the rough carpenter's bench near at hand, and, standing there among her children in their Nazareth home, she repeated the opening sentence of the Magnificat, the song she had sung when the angel announced to her that Jesus was to be born: "My soul doth magnify the Lord,

And my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour."

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All together the family responded, "Amen! Amen!"

The others looked at Jesus with wonder and pride, for was He not their brother? God had shown great honor to their family, though they did not understand clearly then just what the mission of Jesus was to be. In the heart of Jesus there swelled a feeling of wonder, too, and of joy. All these things were spoken of Him. He was to be God's special messenger to Israel, and to the whole world. He must make Himself worthy.

He felt as if He should like to begin His great work at once. How could He wait through the years until He became a man! But the voice of God within Him said: "In mine own time shall my glory be revealed, and all these things come to pass for the salvation of my people."

Then the father rolled the scroll and all went to their night's rest.

Days passed; years passed. Joseph died, so some students of the Bible say, and Jesus may have become the head of the family. If He did, it was His duty to care for the mother and maybe others. Jesus could shirk no duty. He had learned the carpenter's trade, and though within His heart was the high hope,

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the burning zeal to fulfill His mission, always He heard God's voice: "In mine own time shall thy work be given thee."

When the time did come, and the way was open, out from that Jewish home went this wonderful son of Mary, to teach, to preach, to heal and to reveal God's plan of life to the world, so that in the days and years and centuries following men should live nobler, women should be revered, children should be better cared for and the homes of the world be happier and holier. All these things have been coming to pass through the years since Jesus lived on earth, because people have understood God through His revelation of Himself in Jesus Christ our Saviour. And to-day millions of people thank God for that home in Nazareth, which, though humble, was filled with love and reverence for God and love and respect for parents and for one another; that home that God so especially honored, and where Jesus spent the years that prepared Him to be the Saviour of the world.

II.

HOW JEALOUSY BROKE UP A FAMILY.

ONCE upon a time there were two brothers, named Cain and Abel. They lived longer ago than we really know, but, because one of them was the first person we have any record of to break a certain law of God, their story has been told over and over, times without number, for thousands of years.

Cain was the older, and he turned to farming for a living. He tilled the soil, weeded the garden and gathered his harvests in due season. It may be that he did not like to work overmuch, for the story seems to indicate that he did not prosper very well.

Abel, the younger, was a shepherd, and had flocks which he tended. He must have been a good shepherd and led his flocks in green pastures and near clear water, for we are told that his flocks increased and he was prosperous.

Now, Cain was far from happy. If laziness or careless work really was the cause of his

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lack of success, he probably sulked and refused to recognize that he was to blame.

There began to grow up in Cain's heart a hatred of his prosperous brother. The more Abel prospered, in that same degree it seemed Cain failed. The hatred grew and grew, until it was all Cain could think of. His face grew sullen and ugly with holding such thoughts constantly. Of course, as his anger possessed him, he was that much more unfitted to work and recover his fortunes.

Both Cain and Abel brought, at regular times, offerings which they laid upon the altar as a sacrifice to God. Both men wanted their sacrifices to be acceptable to God, and hoped God would make them prosper. Cain began to blame God for his poor crops and his misfortune. When he saw his brother's prosperity, he concluded that God was partial to Abel because Abel brought a lamb for sacrifice and he could only bring the fruit of the ground.

If Cain had not been so filled with hatred, he would have known it was not the kind of sacrifice, but the spirit in which he gave it, that displeased God. God tried to help Cain, as He always does His people, by speaking through their conscience if they will only listen. God said to Cain: "Why art thou angry? Why

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is thy countenance fallen? If thou doest well, is there not acceptance? But if thou doest not well, then does sin crouch at your door."

But Cain steeled his heart against the warning of God and hated Abel the more. And the sin that crouched at the door of his heart leaped up in full strength and took possession of him entirely.

One day Cain said to Abel: "Come out into the field with me; I want to talk to you." He said it in an ugly tone, but Abel, with only love and kindly feeling in his heart, paid no attention to the tone and went with his brother.

When they were off in the field so there would be no one to witness the terrible deed, Cain fell upon Abel and killed him—killed his own brother who had never done him any wrong.

It must have been that Cain was horrified at his action afterward, but, instead of being repentant, he was defiant, and when the voice of God came to him, saying, "Where is Abel, thy brother?" Cain said insolently: "I know not. Am I my brother's keeper?"

Then the awful voice of God said: "What have you done? The voice of thy brother's blood crieth to me from the ground. Henceforth when thou tillest it shall not yield unto

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thee its strength, and thou shalt be a wanderer on the face of the earth."

Then Cain realized fully what he had done. He knew he was no longer worthy to live with his family or with honest people. He had brought sorrow and disgrace upon his home. He became terrified lest some one should kill him in judgment for his crime. And he cried out unto God: "My punishment is greater than I can bear."

God assured Cain that no one would kill him. But he would have to pay the penalty of his crime by being cut off from his family forever. No more could he live among the upright and the just. By his own act he had made himself unworthy. And Cain was a wanderer to the end of his days.

III.

A MAN OF MANY FRIENDSHIPS.

AMONG the things Robert Louis Stevenson wanted most and prayed for as the desires of his heart were: friends and health.

Of these two desires, health seemed the one he had the most difficulty in securing. From early boyhood he was frail, and in manhood he had a constant and desperate struggle with illness. Up and down the world he went, seeking a climate that would agree with his lungs, where he might live in a fair degree of health and go on with the writing of his wonderful books. He refused to be baffled.

About the year 1890 Robert Louis Stevenson, with his family, sailed through the Golden Gate bound for the islands of the Pacific and the South Seas. He could no longer live in his native Scotland; he had tried many places in Europe and America. Now he would try a strange part of the world—not so well known then as now.

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For three years he wandered among the islands, and at the end of that time he found a place where he felt he might secure at least health sufficient to allow him to work on his books. It was the Island of Upolu of the Samoan group in the South Seas. There he bought a piece of property and built a house.

This island was far away from his native home; it was far away from his many dear friends. The natives of the island were of a different race, with dark skins like the Hawaiians. They wore strange clothes, and very little of them sometimes, and spoke a strange language.

Now it seemed as if his great desire to find health might be partly fulfilled. But what about his desire for friendships! In far-off Scotland, in England and in America were friends among whom he had found great joy, friends who loved him and whom he loved. But he could not see them or talk with them. Where could he find friends in this strange part of the world? How could he give friendship to these people who were different and strange!

He might have said to himself: "Oh, well, I'll give up all thoughts of friendships out here. I will leave my neighbors alone and just live with my family for companionship." But, in-

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stead of that, he said: "My duty to my neighbor is . . . that I have to make him happy."

Then he began to look around to see who his neighbors were. He found there were some white residents on the island: the consuls, the postmaster, traders, Protestant missionaries and Catholic priests and Sisters of Charity, and occasionally officers and men of the warships which entered the harbor. It was not long until he began to make new friends. His house soon became a place where all these people came. There came, too, the chiefs of the Samoan tribes whom he found worthy of friendship. It was a strange group of people, to be sure. But they all wanted to come because Stevenson was friendly, because he was kind, because he was interested in everybody, because it was a delight to be with him.

He could not be satisfied, however, with being kind to the white people and the native chiefs only; his kindness reached out and touched everybody on the island. He often gave entertainments in which the natives of all stations in life might have a share. He learned the Samoan language so he could talk with them. There seemed no limit to his kindness and generosity. The natives called him by the name "Tusitala," which means "the writer of tales."

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Once, when some of the native chiefs were in prison for political reasons, Tusitala showed them unusual kindness. He visited them and was untiring in seeing that their needs were taken care of. Their gratitude was unbounded. When they were released they took counsel together as to how they might show their love and gratitude.

This was what they chose to do: A long path led from Stevenson's house to the main road that crossed the island. They would turn the path into a roadway sixty feet wide, that should be a worthy approach to the house of their Tusitala. Accordingly they set to work. They cleared and dug; they took care of all the labor and the cost of material for making the road. A number of men worked several weeks at the task, and when the road was finished they named it "Ala Loto Alofa," which means "The Road of the Loving Heart." The builders said of it: "It shall never be muddy; it shall endure forever, this road that we have dug."

Three years and a half after Stevenson settled in that Samoan island he died. Only a short time he had lived among these people, but the Road of the Loving Heart proves the wonder of the friendships he formed. The number

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of people who came to the house, and the tributes of flowers with which the Samoans filled the room where he lay, told how deeply they grieved for him.

As a last loyal service, two hundred natives cleared another path of the loving heart up the steep, heavily wooded and almost impassable side of the mountain, that Stevenson's grave might be dug on its very summit. The great writer had often expressed a wish to be buried there. The path was steep and rugged even when cleared, and it tested to the limit the great strength of the powerful Samoans who carried the coffin to the top.

Over Tusitala's grave the Samoans built a large tomb of great blocks of cement, and on it they placed a bronze plate which bears the words in the Samoan language, "The Tomb of Tusitala." The last loving tribute to their friend was an order issued by the chiefs that no one should ever be allowed to fire a gun upon the hillside, so that the birds might not be disturbed when they came to sing over the grave of the man who had taught them the meaning of true friendship.

NOTE.—This story is based on a biography of Robert Louis Stevenson, written by Graham Balfour.

IV.

A COVENANT OF FRIENDSHIP.

IN the days when Saul was king of Israel, David, a young shepherd lad, became famous for his deeds of strength and bravery. At first King Saul was proud of him, and sent for David to come and live in his house and play for him upon the harp.

As time went on, however, and the fame of David spread among the people, Saul became jealous. When he heard the people singing David's praises,

"Saul hath slain his thousands,
But David his ten thousands,"

the king became bitterly jealous that his people should consider David more successful in battle than he. Whereupon Saul declared he would kill the young shepherd.

Now, King Saul had a son whose name was Jonathan. And Jonathan loved David as his own soul. They made a covenant together that they would remain friends as long as they

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both should live. In token of their friendship Jonathan gave David his own garments and his sword and his bow and his girdle.

When Jonathan heard his father's terrible words he was greatly grieved, and he spoke to David: "Saul, my father, seeketh to kill thee. Therefore abide for the present in a secret place and go not for a time into the king's presence."

Then Jonathan went to his father the king, and spoke well of David and said: "Why dost thou seek to kill David? He hath not sinned against thee. He hath done nothing but good for thee. Wherefore wilt thou slay him without cause?"

Saul was ashamed and sorry for his jealous anger, and said: "As the Lord liveth, he shall not be slain."

Then Jonathan went after David and brought him again to the king's house. But it was not long before King Saul again heard the people singing David's praises. He began to brood over the love and admiration which the people gave David, and his hatred was again directed toward the young shepherd lad.

One day when David was playing upon his harp, the king's soul overflowed with jealous rage, and he threw his javelin at David. But David was young and swift of action. He

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sprang quickly aside from the flying javelin and slipped away and went and hid himself. The king sent for him, but David did not go. Then he sought out his friend Jonathan and said:

“What have I done? Why dost thy father seek my life?”

Jonathan replied: “David, thou shalt not die. I will watch between thee and my father’s anger. Trust me.”

David replied: “To-morrow is the festival of the new moon, and I shall be expected to sit at table with thy father the king. But if he is still angry with me, it were not best I should be there, even though he hath sent for me. Let me abide in the field until evening, and thou canst let me know if the king misses me and how he feels toward me. If it is safe for me to come, I will come. But if thy father is still angry, then will I go away.”

They decided that David should hide himself in a field near the house, and Jonathan said: “I will find out whether my father has repented of his anger or whether it is still strong against thee. When I have found out I will slip out and give thee a signal whereby thou mayest know, for it would not be safe for us to be seen talking together.”

Jonathan explained the signal:

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"I will come to the field where thou art in hiding behind a great rock. I will shoot three arrows on the side thereof, as though I shot at a mark. Then will I send a lad, saying, 'Go, find the arrows.' And if I expressly say to the lad, 'Behold, the arrows are on this side of thee, take them,' then thou mayest come without fear. But if I say, 'Behold, the arrows are beyond thee,' then, O David, thou shalt go away, for the king is still angry."

So David hid as Jonathan had said. At the appointed time Jonathan went into the field and the little lad with him. And Jonathan said unto the lad, "Run and find the arrows which I shoot." Jonathan shot an arrow beyond the rock and cried out to the lad as he ran: "Is not the arrow beyond thee?" The lad gathered the arrows in haste and brought them to Jonathan, and the lad left the field. And because of the sign, David fled from the wrath of the king.

Afterwards Jonathan sought out David in a place to the south where he had taken temporary refuge. There they took sorrowful leave of each other, for they knew it might be a long, long time before they would meet again. And Jonathan said to David: "Go in peace, and the Lord watch over us forever." Then David

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departed and Jonathan went back to the king's house.

Now, it came about that before the king's anger had softened against David, the king and Jonathan were both slain in battle. When the news came to David he mourned exceedingly as for a dearly loved brother:

"Oh, Jonathan, I am distressed for thee,
Very pleasant hast thou been unto me;
Thy love to me was wonderful, passing the
love of women.

How have the mighty fallen,
And the weapons of war perished."

Even so did David mourn for his dearly loved friend. And afterward, when David became king, he still remembered his love for Jonathan and sought to find if there were any sons of Jonathan living that he might show kindness to them for Jonathan's sake. At first he was told there was none; that all the members of the house of Saul had been killed. But later there was found one lame boy. When David heard of him, he ordered his servants to go and fetch him. And because of the great love David had borne for Jonathan, he showed kindness unto this boy all the days of his life. Even so did David keep his covenant of friendship with Jonathan even after his death.

V.

DAMON AND PYTHIAS.

IN olden days every country had a king. These kings were very powerful and their word was law. Right or wrong, what the king said had to stand.

It came to pass that in a certain country, where a king reigned who was not always just, two men were traveling. They had come from another country, and their names were Damon and Pythias.

Now, it happened that Pythias did something that displeased the king. It was nothing really wrong, but it displeased the king, and he said to his soldiers: "Away to prison with him, and two months from to-day he must die."

Pythias was not afraid to die, but he thought of his parents and friends in his own country, and he said unto the king:

"O King, I would that you should let me return to my own country to bid farewell to my father and mother and friends. Then will I

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return and be it even unto me as you have decreed."

The king laughed: "He would save himself. Does he think for a minute I would trust him to go away? He thinks thus to get into his own country and be safe."

Pythias answered: "I give you my word, O King. I wish merely to see my friends once more, and I will return as I have said."

Again the king laughed, and said scornfully: "He must think me a very foolish king to believe such prattle. To prison with him."

Just then Damon spoke out: "O King, grant to my friend his request. Let him go and let me go to prison for him."

The king looked at Damon in a puzzled fashion. "Do you mean you will go to prison for your friend, expecting him to come back when he has a chance to get away?"

Damon lifted his head and his eyes flashed: "Sir, Pythias is my friend. Whatever he says he will do, even so will he do it. I have no fear. I will go to prison for him, knowing full well that he will return and take up the sentence himself."

This seemed to amuse the king. "Fool, to believe a thing like that! But it matters not to me, one man or the other." Then, turning

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to Pythias, he said: "Your foolish friend has purchased your leave to depart." And to the soldiers he said: "Off to prison with the other; such foolishness deserves prison walls."

So Damon went to prison, full of confidence in his friend. And Pythias departed to his own country to see his father and mother and friends.

Days passed. One day the king, bethinking himself of the man in prison, inquired whether or not Pythias had returned. On being told he had not, he said to his soldiers: "Bring out the man who went to prison for his friend. Let us see now how he feels about his friend's loyalty. Loyalty, indeed! there is no such thing."

The soldiers brought Damon before the king. The king looked at him a minute, then said scornfully: "What think you now about your friend's loyalty? Many days have passed. He has had full time to return. Right pleasant it must be to occupy a prison cell for a friend."

Damon looked proudly at the king and answered: "Sire, Pythias is my friend. He said he would return. Whatever he has said, he will do. I have no fear. In the meantime, I accept even prison walls for my friend."

Now the king was truly filled with contempt, and said: "Take him back to prison. There is

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no cure for those who are utterly foolish. We'll see how he feels when the time of execution comes. Bah! The fellow actually believes his friend will come back."

The soldiers took Damon back to prison. More days passed. But Pythias did not come. The very day of the execution came, and Pythias had not returned. The king made inquiry of the soldiers, "Has the rogue returned who went to bid his parents and friends good-by?" In his own mind he was sure of the answer.

When they told the king that Pythias had not returned, he said: "Aha! bring the prisoner before me. We shall see what he thinks about his friend now; we shall see how he likes to die for his friend."

The king stood on the royal balcony in the warm sunshine as the soldiers brought Damon before him. He looked at Damon with a mocking smile, and said: "It is pleasant to go to prison for one's friend. How will it be to die for him? Ah! yes, he would return! He was your friend! He would keep his word! What think you of your friend now?"

Damon looked fearlessly at the king and said: "Pythias is my friend. He said he would return. And Pythias always keeps his word. He would have returned had it been possible.

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Something has prevented. I still believe in his loyalty. I am ready to die for him."

The king was utterly amazed. He had never thought of friendship in this way before. He had never believed that one could trust another so fully, and suffer for a friend. His heart softened a little. But he had given the sentence of death. He would not take back his word.

As the king raised his hand to give a command for the soldiers to remove Damon to the place of execution, he saw in the distance a great cloud of dust that seemed to be moving rapidly toward them. He delayed his command. Then he saw that the cloud of dust was caused by a man running—swift as the wind—toward the place where they all stood. A moment more and the king saw that it was Pythias, ragged and dusty, and nearly exhausted.

Pythias came before the king, gasping breathlessly: "Oh, how thankful I am." The king looked at him queerly. Thankful! Was the man crazy? Didn't he know he was coming back to die?

Then Pythias told how he had been shipwrecked, and how against storm and many hindrances he had traveled day and night to reach them. Holding out his hand to Damon, he

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said: "My friend, I can not thank you enough for your faith in me. I was nearly frantic with fear lest I should not reach here in time, and you would have to die for me."

Turning to the king, Pythias said: "I am ready to die. Give me into the hands of your executioner, and release my faithful friend."

The king's amazement knew no bounds. Never had he seen anything like this before: One man willing to go to jail and even die for his friend, and that friend, having a chance to get away, returning to fulfill his own sentence. Then, as the jailor laid his hand upon Pythias' shoulder to lead him away, the king raised his hand and said:

"Stop! stop! I never saw friendship in this wise before. Pythias did nothing wrong; he only displeased me. Men like these should not die. Let Pythias go free."

As the king turned to go from the balcony back into his palace, those nearest him heard him softly say to himself: "I would give half of all I possess to have one friend as loyal and true to me as Damon and Pythias are to each other."

VI.

A GOOD NEIGHBOR OF OLDEN TIMES.

IN a long-ago time, in a far-away land, when it was quite the custom for tribe to war upon tribe and strong tribes to plunder and take advantage of weaker ones, Abraham, because he was a friend of God, showed how to love one's neighbor as oneself.

From a far country Abraham had traveled by the command of God to settle in the land of Canaan. He was a rich man, with many servants and retainers, and flocks and herds. With him had traveled his nephew, Lot, who was also rich in servants and flocks and herds.

After much adventure, they pitched their tents near Bethel. In the course of time their flocks and herds increased until there was not enough pasture for all in the place they had chosen. Their herdsmen began to quarrel among themselves over pasture and water, so much so that the quarrel came to the ears of Abraham.

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Abraham said to Lot: "Let there be no quarrel between you and me and between your herdsmen and my herdsmen, for we are brethren. If there is not enough pasture here for both flocks, we will separate. You choose where you will dwell, and I will choose, and then there will be plenty of room for us both. It is God's will that brethren and neighbors should live together in peace."

Now, Abraham, being much the older and the head of the tribe, had a right to choose first. But Abraham was a generous man, and he said to Lot: "Take now thy choice of land. Behold! broad acres lie before us. Choose."

Lot had not expected anything of that sort. "Now," he thought to himself, "here is my chance. Every man should do the best he can for himself and let the other person have the same privilege. My Uncle Abraham has given me this choice. I may never have another chance to get something fine."

And Lot, looking about, saw that the plain of Jordan was well watered and had abundant pasturage. The rest of the land he saw was steep, rocky hillsides. Instead of taking part of the good land and part of the poor, Lot made a most selfish choice. "I will take the plains of Jordan," he said.

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Abraham must have been very much surprised. He had made Lot a generous offer of first choice, and now Lot was showing himself selfish and greedy. But Abraham only answered, "Be it even as you have said." And they separated.

Lot pastured his flocks and herds on the rich plains, and Abraham pastured his on the hillside. He did not chide his nephew for his selfishness. He had said there must be no quarrel between them, so he abode without complaint on the hillside. He did not permanently suffer, however, from his determination to live at peace with Lot, for later God led him thirty miles farther south to broader and better fields.

When Lot chose the fertile plains of the Jordan he thought he was making a wonderful choice. But it turned out, as all selfish choices do, not quite so fine as he thought. To be sure, there were abundant water and pasture. And on the broad plains were the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah. Near the city of Sodom Lot pitched his tent and prepared to live in the enjoyment of riches and the entertainment the city had to offer him. Not a thought did he give to how his Uncle Abraham fared with his flocks on the rocky hillsides.

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His satisfaction did not last long, however. Five kings from the East made war on the two cities. The kings of Sodom and Gomorrah fled and the invaders took all the goods of the city and Lot's goods, and even Lot himself was taken captive along with many others.

The news of Lot's captivity came to Abraham. He might have said: "Lot made his choice, and a mighty selfish one it was, too. Let him suffer what the choice brings of good or ill." But he did not. Abraham bore no grudge against his selfish nephew, and, though a peaceful man, as we have seen, he led forth his trained men and gave chase to the invaders. He caught up with them and smote them; inso-much that he recovered the goods and the captives, together with his nephew Lot.

When the invaders were vanquished, the kings of the cities returned and life went on as usual in Sodom and Gomorrah. Abraham returned to his own tents and his flocks.

But Sodom and Gomorrah were wicked cities, and were marked for destruction. Abraham had a warning that the end of the cities was near, and he felt great sorrow for the people. He begged God to stay the destruction. But the cities were doomed. However, because of Abraham's good life, Lot and his family were

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warned to flee for their lives to the hills; to make all haste and not even so much as to look back on the doomed cities lest they be consumed.

As Lot and his wife and two daughters fled, the storm of destruction broke over the cities. Lot and his daughters made great haste according to instructions and did not look back. But, alas! Lot's wife lagged behind. She wanted to see what was happening, and, behold, in that minute she, too, was overtaken with the destruction that wiped out the two wicked cities.

The next morning Abraham went out into a high place from where he could see far over the plains, and lo! the smoke arose as the smoke of a furnace and the cities lay in ruins. But Lot and his daughters were saved because of the righteousness of Abraham. Thus did Abraham three times prove a generous and helpful neighbor.

And God blessed Abraham, and, in a country where it was the natural thing to quarrel with one's neighbors, God let Abraham live in peace and comfort all the rest of his days.

VII.

ANDREW DISCOVERS THE ROYAL LAW.

ANDREW sat in his Uncle Abner Brown's kitchen eating his breakfast. The men of the family, his uncle and his twenty-one-year-old cousin, had long since eaten and gone off to their work about the farm.

Andrew was fourteen, and had always lived in the city. This was his vacation, and he was not obliged to get up early unless he wished to do so. At first he had thought it great sport to get up with the sun and go for the cows with his cousin, and afterwards watch the two men milk. But it was an old story now, and he slept late when he felt like doing so.

Uncle Andrew and Cousin Ned came in as Andrew ate. They seemed greatly excited. Uncle Abner was saying: "I tell you he'll be sorry if he tries to make me pay for that strawberry crop. I'll not pay, that's all. Let him sue me if he wants to. It's his fault."

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Mrs. Brown broke in: "What's the matter, Abner? What are you so angry and excited about?"

"Oh, it's our neighbor, Frank Jackson! The fence between our pasture and his had a bad place in it and that young colt of ours got through it. Their garden gate was open, and the colt got into the garden and trampled down his strawberries. He says he had a big crop and was ready to pick for the market, and the crop is ruined. I'll have to pay for it. Why didn't he fix his old fence? I noticed it long ago."

Mrs. Brown spoke in soothing tones: "But, Abner, you know Mr. Jackson has been sick. You might have fixed any place in the fence that was so bad. Maybe he didn't know how badly it needed fixing."

"Why should I fix his part of the fence? A man should watch his fences. That whole fence has been on the verge of going to pieces for a long time. But if he thinks I am going to pay for those strawberries, he is mistaken."

Mrs. Brown argued, but it did no good; she tried to soothe Mr. Brown's anger, but he would not be soothed. After a time he and the son went out and about their regular tasks.

"What will happen?" Andrew wondered. Every one had told him it would be slow and

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quiet in the country. But this was exciting. In the city, where many families lived in apartments, grown people often did not know their neighbors. The boys and girls played together. Sometimes they quarreled, but that was not so exciting as grown people's quarrels. He had never witnessed a grown person having a quarrel with his neighbor, and now he wondered what would come of it.

Aunt Martha Brown did not want Andrew to hear anything more of the quarrel, for she felt very sorry about it all. She tried to keep everything quiet, but Andrew learned not long afterwards that Mr. Jackson had gone to court. The judge, however, had ruled that Mr. Brown need not pay for the crop. Mr. Jackson must bear the loss, because he should have had his fence fixed. Of course, the fact that Mr. Jackson had been sick had no weight in court, even though Aunt Martha thought it should be considered among neighbors. Mr. Brown was elated that he had won, but Aunt Martha felt sorry for the Jacksons. Besides losing the crop, Mr. Jackson had been ordered by the judge to build an entire new fence in that particular pasture.

The next day Andrew, wandering about the farm, heard angry words in the pasture where

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the new fence was to be built. He hurried to the spot. Uncle Abner and Mr. Jackson were having a heated argument. Andrew came up to the men just as Uncle Abner was saying: "You know I don't approve of those heavy, barbed-wire fences for pasture lots. Sometimes a colt might run against it and get hurt. If it were a short, light-weight barb, I wouldn't mind so much, but I don't like those long ones."

Mr. Jackson replied by telling Uncle Abner to mind his business. He'd put up the kind of fence he wanted to put up; one that would be sure to keep Mr. Brown's colts off his place.

There were more angry words, but Mr. Jackson went ahead with his fence, and Uncle Abner stamped off angrily toward the house, muttering as he went: "You'll be sorry for that fence yet, I can tell you."

Mrs. Brown tried to quiet her husband's anger, to reason with him, but he refused to see where he was to blame for anything.

A few mornings afterwards Andrew was again eating a late breakfast in his uncle's kitchen, when his uncle and cousin entered. They were more excited than ever. Uncle Abner was saying: "I told him; I warned him. Let him take the consequences."

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"Abner! Abner!" cried his wife. "What is the matter now?"

"The matter? Well, he is paid for putting up that barbed-wire fence in the pasture. His sheep broke through another bad place in a fence farther up in another pasture. Our bars were down between pastures and the sheep came on through to the pasture where the barbed fence is. Ned saw them in our pasture and called to Collie to chase them out. When the dog went after them, the sheep, instead of running back in the direction from which they had come, ran straight for the barbed-wire fence. When Ned saw what they were doing he called off the dog and tried to head them toward the open gate into the next pasture. But three of them ran straight into the barbed-wire fence, tried to struggle through, and got badly mangled. Jackson heard the noise and came out to see what was going on. He was furious when he saw what had happened. Of course, he blames it all on us, so Ned and I came along to the house and left him to get his sheep home."

"Ned, Ned," asked Mrs. Brown in dismay, "why did you send the dog after those sheep?"

"He wouldn't hurt them," answered Ned, sullenly. "I just wanted to give them a scare."

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"But, Ned, you know how sheep are. They haven't any sense. It was a strange dog; of course, the sheep would be terribly frightened."

"Well, he put the barbed-wire there," answered Ned.

Just then there was a thundering knock on the door. Aunt Martha opened it and Mr. Jackson strode in, white with anger.

It was a beautiful day on the farm. The sun was shining, flowers were blooming and sending out their perfume, birds were singing. All God's creation was in tune, except these men, in whose hearts were anger and hate.

"Those three sheep are dead," roared Mr. Jackson. "You'll pay for them. No court will let you out of that, and, besides, I'll swear out a warrant to have your dog shot as a sheep-killing dog."

"He's no sheep-killing dog, and you know it," answered Mr. Brown, angrily. "He didn't touch one of those sheep. He only ran after them and barked. Your senseless sheep ran the wrong way. That's not the dog's fault. And, besides, I told you not to put up that kind of fence. I'll pay for your sheep, but you'll not touch that dog." Then Mr. Brown opened the door and said: "I'd be obliged to you if you'd go."

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Mr. Jackson passed out muttering to himself. Andrew was getting uneasy about the quarrel; these grown-up people were keeping it going so long. Besides, Aunt Martha was crying, and that made Andrew more uneasy. She was saying something. He did not catch what it was, but he heard his uncle reply: "Don't quote Scripture to me now. Scripture has nothing to do with this."

But his wife replied: "You are a Christian. The Bible commands have to do with every-day life, else what are they for?" But Uncle Abner went out and slammed the door.

When Mr. Jackson reached home, he was still in a rage. He'd get even with Mr. Brown. It wouldn't hurt him so much to have to pay for the sheep, but Mr. Jackson knew it would hurt him terribly to have his dog killed. The great, beautiful collie was the pride of Mr. Brown's life. Mr. Jackson said to himself: "I'll declare he's a sheep-killing dog, and there's never any argument over shooting a sheep-killing dog."

Muttering vengeance, he came to his own yard and found things in commotion. The children were crying, the hired man was running the machine out of the garage in great haste. When Mr. Jackson asked what the trouble was,

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they all tried to talk at once. He hurried into the house. He found that his fourteen-year-old daughter had dropped a teakettle of scalding water on her leg, burning it very badly from the knee down. She was suffering intense pain. The hired man was hastening for the doctor with all possible speed.

The mother, with tears in her eyes, was trying to quiet the suffering girl. When she saw her husband, she said: "The hired man has gone for the doctor, but I've just remembered that wonderful salve Mrs. Brown makes. I'd rather have that than all the doctors in the county. Hurry over there and ask for some, and I'll have Dorothy out of pain before the doctor can get here."

"Go to Brown's for salve? I guess not. Not if it were five times as magical to cure burns as people say it is, which I don't believe."

"But, Frank, the child is suffering. I would not let a quarrel stand in the way of helping my own child, if I were you."

Mr. Jackson stood trying to decide. How could he go to the Browns after all that had happened! Maybe they wouldn't let him have the salve anyway. He tried to persuade his wife that it was best to wait for the doctor; the salve was probably not so good as people said

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it was, he argued. He tried to justify himself for not wanting to go to the Browns' house.

In the midst of the argument a car came into the yard at high speed. The next minute some one was at the door. When Mr. and Mrs. Jackson looked up they saw Mrs. Brown standing in the doorway with a jar in her hand.

They started to speak, but she waved aside their words. "This is no time to talk; I must get that terrible wound dressed."

Quickly and with great cleverness she dressed the wound. The salve was indeed, as people claimed, almost magic. How cooling it was! Gradually Dorothy stopped her piteous crying and was quiet, the pain greatly relieved.

Then Mrs. Brown turned to the anxious parents and said: "My young nephew, Andrew, was going out the gate when your man passed. He slowed down to tell the story hurriedly and then raced on. Andrew came running to the house with the news, and I snatched a jar of the salve from the shelf and ran out to get the machine. I met my husband and told him in a few words as I was jumping into the machine. He objected at first; said you would not want me. But I said: 'What if it were our Ned or Andrew? Would we let a quarrel stand in the way of his being relieved?' Then

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I started the machine and came as fast as I could."

Another machine now came speeding into the yard. The doctor jumped out and hurried into the house. When he saw Mrs. Brown he looked relieved. He knew about the wonderful salve she had made from a recipe handed down from her grandmother. He looked at the burned leg and examined the dressing. Then, turning to Mrs. Jackson, he said: "It's a lucky thing you have a good neighbor and are on friendly terms. The burn has been dressed as well as I could have done it, and there is nothing better than that salve."

The women looked at each other with tears in their eyes. Mr. Jackson silently offered his hand to Mrs. Brown, and then hurried out of the house and across the fields to the Browns' house. He walked into the kitchen without knocking. Mr. Brown and Andrew were sitting by the table. Mr. Brown's elbows were resting on the table and his head was in his hands. Neither was saying a word.

Mr. Brown arose and looked at his neighbor, but did not speak. Mr. Jackson held out his hand: "I'm sorry for all that has happened. This quarrel should have been stopped before it began. I apologize for my part. When I

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saw your wife standing in the door, and watched her as she soothed the pain of my suffering child, doing good in the face of our quarrel, I came to my senses. I know now, for all time, that love is stronger than hate, and that 'love worketh no ill to his neighbor,' but only good. That's the way I shall live with my neighbors hereafter."

Uncle Abner held out his hand and the two big men grasped hands in a powerful clasp. Then Mr. Jackson turned, saying huskily: "I must get back to the house; they may need me."

Andrew had watched the men with eager eyes. As Mr. Jackson went out the door, Andrew said: "Say, Uncle Abner, is everything off?"

"No," said his uncle, "everything is on again, I should rather say—common sense, Christian behavior and the royal law."

"What is the royal law?" asked Andrew.

His uncle answered: "That's what your aunt was quoting to me—'love thy neighbor as thyself.' The Bible calls that the royal law, and I'm going to keep that law after this as a Christian should. It's been a bitter lesson, but I've learned it."

"The royal law," Andrew said to himself. "I never heard it called that before." But he

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liked the sound of it. Then, too, he had decided he didn't like quarrels. This one had made him very uncomfortable lately. Then he added aloud: "The royal law! I guess maybe that's pretty good."

VIII.

TRUE HOSPITALITY.

IN the midst of the plains of Mamre, in the land of Canaan, was set up the camp of the shepherd chief, Abraham.

Abraham was a great man, a friend of God, and the head of a tribe. Shepherds, herdsmen, servants and slaves were subject unto him. A vast number of tents stretched away from the more luxurious tent which sheltered the chief. Immense flocks and herds which belonged to him pastured on the broad plains.

Abraham had great possessions, and his life was unusually peaceful for those days. Yet he desired something beyond all the things which were his. Sarah, his wife, was childless, and they were growing old, though God had made a covenant with Abraham, that he should have a multitude of descendants, and that all the land thereabout should be theirs.

One day Abraham sat at the door of his tent. It was mid-day, the hour when the peo-

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ple in that far-off country sought rest and refuge from the heat of the sun. A hush was upon the plain, and Abraham doubtless was pondering in his mind the promise of God. As the sun beat down upon the tents, Abraham thought of the cool night and the myriad stars, and there came to his heart again the words of God: "As countless as the stars in the heavens, so shall thy descendants be." Abraham believed God's promise, but still there must have been the question: "When shall this promise be fulfilled?" Oh, that it were even now near to fulfillment, was his unspoken prayer.

As he pondered, he lifted up his eyes, and lo! three men were approaching. Immediately Abraham was alert, for they were strangers. Where they came from, he knew not. But they must be weary from the heat.

Abraham might have called his servants and bidden them care for the strangers. But, no! With generous hospitality the great chief received them himself. Arising from his place, he ran to meet the strangers, and bowed low before them, saying:

"If I may find favor in thy sight, pass not by my dwelling, but abide here. Let water be fetched to wash your feet, and rest beneath this shady tree."

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Then Abraham hastened to Sarah, his wife, and, that honor might be done the strange guests, he bade her make with her own hands cakes for their refreshment.

Then Abraham personally selected from his herd a young calf and gave it to a servant to prepare for eating. When all was ready, Abraham set before his guests the best meal which his camp could offer—milk and butter and the dressed meat and cakes. And he stood by them as they ate under the welcome shade of the big tree.

When the strangers had finished and were rested and refreshed, it might be expected that they would thank Abraham for his hospitality and continue on their journey. But when one of them spoke, it was not to voice their thanks, but to ask: "Where is Sarah, thy wife?"

Abraham must have been surprised. Where would a Hebrew woman be but in her own tent! But he did not show his surprise, and quietly answered: "My wife is in her tent."

Then one of the guests said: "Sarah shall have a son."

Now, Sarah knew of the promise of God that Abraham's descendants should be a great nation, but her faith was not so strong as her husband's. So, when the man said, "Sarah shall

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have a son," she laughed to herself and said: "How can such a thing be, seeing I am now grown so old?"

Sarah did not speak the words aloud, but the strangers seemed to know even what she thought to herself, and one of them answered: "Is anything too difficult for the Lord? Verily, at the time appointed, a short while hence, Sarah shall have a son."

Then Sarah, listening in her tent door, and Abraham, standing with the men under the tree, suddenly realized that these were divine messengers sent from God. And Abraham bowed low before them, glad in his heart that he had shown them the utmost honor and generosity of which he was capable. His hospitality had been bounteous.

The three divine messengers blessed Abraham and turned to go on their way to the Jordan plain. But the old shepherd chief must needs walk with them a short distance, as was the custom in those days. When finally they parted, Abraham returned unto his tent to think over the wonderful words of the messengers, that God's promise was about to be fulfilled. And it came to pass even as they had said, for unto Sarah was born in due time the son they named Isaac.

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Abraham rejoiced greatly in his son. And from generation to generation until this day the story has been told of how Abraham, in entertaining three strangers, had entertained angels unawares.

IX.

NO RESPECTER OF COLOR.

ALL morning the chariot train proceeded southward through the desert. As they traveled, the man in the chariot unrolled a scroll and began to read.

Who was he in the chariot? The chief man of that train was not a white man. He was dark of skin, and so were all his servants. But he was a man of high station and of great authority, nevertheless.

His home was in Ethiopia, down in Africa. He was the guardian of the queen's treasures, much trusted and respected by the people of his country.

The scroll he was reading was the sacred Scriptures of the Jews—part of the Old Testament. In his home far away from Jerusalem he had come upon the Scriptures and believed in them and worshiped the true God.

Occasionally he went up to Jerusalem to the temple to worship with others who be-

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lieved in the true God. He had just been there, and was returning to his home.

As he read he came upon the words which had been written by a prophet of old: "He was led as a sheep to the slaughter; and as a lamb before his shearer is dumb, so he openeth not his mouth."

The Ethiopian pondered. Was the prophet speaking of himself or prophesying of another who should come? He wished he knew. He was wishing he had come across that passage while in Jerusalem, so he might have asked some one about it. Up there in that city he had heard vague rumors of one Jesus who, some claimed, had come in fulfillment of prophecy and whose life had been taken away. The Ethiopian had not put much faith in the report. There were many prophecies of the coming of a Messiah. But if the prophet spoke in that passage of another than himself, perhaps the stories afloat in Jerusalem were true; they were strangely like the prophecy.

While the heart of the Ethiopian was longing to know the truth, the voice of God, speaking in the heart of Philip, one of the apostles, said: "Arise, and go toward the south."

Philip arose and hastened into the desert. And, lo! after a time he saw the chariot in the

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desert, and the voice of God spoke again to his heart, saying: "Go near, and join thyself to this chariot."

Philip ran thither, and as he came near he heard the Ethiopian reading aloud the words of the prophecy, pondering them over and over.

Philip did not hesitate or consider the color of the man's skin. Here was one of God's children seeking to know the truth of God in all its fullness. And Philip was giving his life to that very cause. So he said to the Ethiopian: "Understandest thou what thou readest?"

The Ethiopian answered: "How can I, except some one shall guide me?"

He halted the chariot and asked Philip to come up and sit with him. Again on the way, the Ethiopian asked of Philip the question he had asked himself earlier in the day: "Did the prophet of old speak of his own death in that passage or of another who should live after?"

Then Philip began to speak to him of Jesus. Oh, with what wonderful eloquence he told of Jesus' life and teachings; the love of the masses of the common people for the great Teacher; the scorn and hatred of the politicians and scribes and Pharisees. He told of the false accusations, the mockery of a trial and the crucifixion. When he came to the story of the

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resurrection his face shone with joy. "Jesus of Nazareth, this great Teacher, is not dead," he said, "but alive for ever more, and though ascended unto the Father in heaven, His Spirit still abides with His people."

The mid-day sun shone intolerably hot. They had come to a place of water and a few friendly trees. The Ethiopian gave the command to halt. Then to Philip he said: "I would be a disciple of this Teacher. Here is water. What doth hinder me to be baptized?"

Philip answered: "If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest."

The Ethiopian answered: "I believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God."

So they both went down into the water, both Philip and the Ethiopian, "and he baptized him." Philip, the man of fair skin, baptized the Ethiopian, with the dark skin, into the new faith of Jesus Christ. This was the beginning of the spread of the gospel among all races and peoples of the earth, even as Jesus had commanded.

When they came up out of the water, Philip went his way; and, after his men had rested and the day had grown cooler, the Ethiopian continued his journey toward the south, filled with great rejoicing.

X.

“LIBERTY AND JUSTICE FOR ALL.”

THERE was a new boy in the sixth-grade class in school that morning. Now, a new pupil was not an unheard-of occurrence in the sixth grade in mid-term, but this was different. The teacher spoke especially about this new-comer:

“We have a new pupil in our class this morning. His name is Rene LeFont. He has just come from France, and does not yet know our ways. Neither does he speak our language quite as we do. But we are glad to have him here, and every one will help, I know, to make him feel at home in this new land and in our school.”

This happened before the World War, and American school children did not feel so well acquainted with France then as now. As Miss Green talked, each child mentally promised to do just as she asked, for all the children were very fond of that sixth-grade teacher. A min-

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ute later, however, the good resolve was forgotten, and thirty pairs of eyes stared in surprise when, as Miss Green stopped speaking, the new boy acknowledged the introduction by arising in his seat and bowing first to the teacher and then to the pupils. He sat down again. Hands were quickly clapped over mouths to keep the giggles from escaping, but the effort was a failure.

After that it was almost impossible for any young mind to concentrate on its task. Shy glances of curiosity were cast toward Rene whenever the teacher was not looking. Each child was saying to himself: "Oh, if Miss Green would only let him recite!"

But Miss Green did not call on Rene in the first recitation nor in the second. The last recitation before noon recess was reading. The children were reading aloud a very interesting story. "Who would like to read to us this morning—some one who has not read yet this week?" asked Miss Green.

Half a dozen hands went up, and among them Rene's. Miss Green called on one child after another to read. As each one finished up went the hands of those desiring to continue. Each time Rene, seeing the others raise their hands, did the same.

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It was near the end of the period. Miss Green could no longer ignore Rene's hand, and she said kindly: "Do you wish to read this first day, Rene?"

Rene arose and bowed to Miss Green. "Of a certainty, Mademoiselle. I make ze trial so well now as ze future. The story is, what you say in ze English, familiar. I read it very well, I theenk."

Thirty children drew breath sharply, but quickly checked their impulse to laugh as Miss Green looked sternly around the room.

Rene proceeded with his reading. His pronunciation of many words was queer, his manner of reading strange indeed to the listeners. At last an especially foreign twist to a sentence overcame the children's self-control. A titter escaped from one, and spread like a wave over the group; then ended with a loud laugh from Don Stone, the leader of all mischief in the sixth-grade room.

Rene turned startled, amazed eyes upon the room, then, with a dignified bow to Miss Green, and a half-audible "Please to excuse," he sat down.

Miss Green's face flushed in embarrassment and annoyance. "I fail to see the reason for your amusement. Come to order instantly."

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It was seldom that Miss Green spoke that way, and for a minute the children were awed. The next minute the bell rang, and with great relief Miss Green gave the signal for dismissal.

The children went out in perfect order, but, once in the schoolyard, Don Stone slipped up behind Rene and pushed his hat forward over his eyes, saying in mocking tones, for all near to hear: "Of a certainty; please to excuse."

A group of six or eight boys surrounded Rene, and a chorus of voices took up all the strange foreign words they could remember in his reading. Rene tried to speak, but the boys drowned his words. Then Rene drew himself up to his full height, and, ignoring them as much as possible, he walked toward home. He could make but slow progress, for the boys kept him surrounded. No one attempted to strike him, but, as he walked, they pulled his coat, pelted him with their own caps and cried: "Frenchy, Frenchy, please to excuse."

It was difficult for Rene to walk, to say nothing of keeping control of his tongue and fists. But at last he reached his home, and with a gasp of relief shut the door upon his tormentors.

A few of the girls had witnessed the attack in the schoolyard, and had followed afar off in

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indignant silence as the boys pursued the young French lad. When the boys turned to go their several ways, the girls cried: "For shame! for shame! How could you treat a stranger like that! We will never speak to you again."

The boys only called a disgusted "Oh, forget it. Who cares?" Then they went their several ways home. But the fun was gone out of their escapade, and the fact that the girls had followed worried them a bit, as they remembered the look on Miss Green's face and the tone of her voice. What if the girls should tell!

In the afternoon the children were in their seats earlier than usual. This was the first fact that hinted to Miss Green that anything out of the ordinary was in the air. Then she noted that some of the boys and girls kept glancing anxiously at Rene's seat, which remained empty.

The bell rang, and Rene had not appeared. There was a pronounced restlessness among the children as Miss Green looked around the room in marking her roll. Then she arose and came close to the front row of desks, saying: "I wonder why Rene is not here this afternoon."

There was dead silence, except for an uneasy shifting of position on the part of a few. Then Miss Green asked again: "Does any one *know* why Rene is not here this afternoon?"

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Silence again. Then Nancy Ardmore raised her hand. Several boys straightened to eager attention.

Miss Green said: "Well, Nancy, can you tell us?"

Nancy arose. "I'm not a telltale, and I am not going to tell anything, but I want to say something."

Miss Green said: "All right, Nancy, say on."

Nancy went to the front of the room and faced the children. Her face was ablaze with excitement.

"I think every one of us should be ashamed, and some more ashamed than others. I am not going to tell anything that happened after we left this room. But I told my father everything, and he thinks we have acted simply awful. He says that the French people are the politest people in the world. If one of us had been a strange pupil in one of their schools over in France, they would have strangled before they would have giggled out loud at our funny talk. And, besides, instead of making it worse after school if some had seemed amused, they would have apologized.

"We pretend to be good Americans, and we salute the flag and everything, and then we are

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a disgrace to our country and make our flag a falsehood about justice for all, and right before a French boy, too, so he will wish he had never heard of America. So there."

Nancy finished with a vigorous nod of her curly head. The children sat so quiet it seemed as if they scarcely breathed. All of them knew what had happened in school. But not all of them knew the terrible thing that must have happened afterwards to put Nancy in such a temper.

Every one liked Nancy. Even the boys respected her, because she could run as fast as any of them and play mumble-peg with the best. They did call her a little "spitfire" because of her excited way of talking sometimes, but her outbursts were always in a righteous cause and not usually for herself.

Miss Green said not a word. The silence continued for a minute. Then Don Stone arose and said, rather belligerently: "Well, what do you want us to do?"

Nancy continued: "If I were in Rene's place, I'd never come back to this school till the whole room apologized. I think we ought to write an apology and send it right off now."

Miss Green thought it best to let the children settle the affair, if they could, so she merely said: "Whatever you boys and girls

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want to do will be all right. Go ahead, Nancy, and do what is best."

The boys and girls worked and worked over an apology, until they had one they thought would do. Three of the boys who had been the worst offenders at noon, led by Don Stone, volunteered to take the note that afternoon to Rene's house.

Miss Green gave permission for the boys to leave, and they started off on a run. Rene's mother answered their ring. Three young boys snatched their caps from their heads, and, as Don handed the note to Mrs. LeFont, the boys all began to talk at once in their embarrassment and eagerness. It was not quite clear what they were saying, but the surprised woman caught something like this: "Say, we didn't realize we were being so mean. We don't want you to think American kids aren't as good as French ones any day. If Rene will just forget it and come back, we'll try to act like good Americans. Tell him we mean that, won't you? We didn't do the square thing."

The mother waved her hand in a little French gesture and smiled at the eager, flushed boys. She seemed to understand their feelings, and said: "Of a certainty. I'll tell Rene. I think he excuse."

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Don stammered: "Yes, yes, that's it. Tell him to excuse." And the boys stumbled down the steps and ran back to school.

"What did he say?" asked Miss Green.

"We didn't see him," Don answered. "But we saw his mother, and, say, she's all right, she is. She said Rene would excuse us."

Nothing was said in class that afternoon. The next day when Rene entered the school-yard a dozen boys offered to play leapfrog with him or marbles or anything he wanted, and Don offered him his best agate. When the bell rang and the school met for morning assembly, the sixth grade could be heard above all the others when, in the salute to the flag, they came to the words, "with liberty and justice for all."

XI.

THE END OF THE FEUD.

A YOUNG Kentucky mountaineer, rugged and straight, and "dead in earnest," was preaching the gospel in the rough shack that did duty as a schoolhouse and a church.

Jim Brown had been brought up in those mountains. He had received what little schooling the place offered, and then had trudged miles and miles to the little mission school where he could get more learning. In the mission school he had learned also about Jesus and His wonderful life and teachings.

To this mountain settlement a preacher had formerly come but twice a year. Somehow the mountain people had never cared much for these preachers, and but few went to hear them. Jim, like most of his neighbors, had not thought much about religion until he went to the mission school.

The new vision he received in the school fired him with enthusiasm. If his people only

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knew all the things Jesus had taught, how different their lives would be.

Now, Jim was back in his own community, teaching in the school on weekdays and preaching in the schoolhouse on Sundays. Because he was big and strong, he was able to control the rough young people who attended the school; and, because he was one of their own folk, the people went to hear him preach on Sundays.

He had been back about two months. His heart was burning with one great message above all others. But that was a message he must lead up to gradually. Carefully he had prepared the way. The special message he wanted to give was Jesus' teaching about love—not only love for friends and those one loved, but love for one's enemies. First, he had told how God loved the world, and sent His Son; then how Jesus loved people so much that He forgot to take thought of His own life; and on this day he was ready to give them the great message he knew they needed so much.

Bible in hand, Jim stood before the rough mountain folk and threw a thunderbolt into their midst. With eager intensity he was reading the words of Jesus:

“Ye have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbor and hate thine enemy.

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But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you."

Even without looking up, Jim could feel the hostility that took possession of the people. Faces hardened, eyes took on a sullen look. They did not like such teaching. There were feuds in those mountains—long and bitter—carried on from generation to generation until the original cause of the feud was forgotten. Family warred against family and killed each other for no reason except feud revenge. From father to son the hate was carried down. They had no patience with preaching about forgiving one's enemies. For too many generations their minds had been turned into the channel of revenge.

Among those who listened that morning was young Frank Banning, about eighteen years of age. He gripped his hands until the knuckles showed white. He had always liked Jim Brown, but, if that was the sort of thing he was going to preach, Frank wanted nothing of him.

In his memory, Frank was seeing his father brought home just a few months before, the victim of the quick trigger of Harry Jackson,

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a young fellow about Frank's own age. Between their families there had been a feud for generations. Frank's father had shot Harry's father about three years ago, and with deadly hate Harry had bided his time till he should be strong enough and sure enough of aim to drop his father's slayer on sight. The time had come when Harry carried out his threat and brought death swift and sure to Frank's father.

Now there were only the two boys left—one in each family—to carry on the feud. Frank had sworn to give his mind to one thing only, and that was tracking down Harry Jackson.

All these things were running through Frank's mind as the preacher read the words about forgiving one's enemies, and then went on to plead with the people to follow Jesus' teachings and live in peace.

Frank had been much attracted by the stories of Jesus which Jim had told from week to week. His boyish imagination had been stirred by the pictures of Jesus going about followed by crowds of people; the eager, listening folk by the shores of the blue lake as the great Teacher talked to them from the boat; and the sick and sorrowful crowding about Him and being healed by His touch and word.

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But this was something different. Jesus did not belong to a mountain family that had kept alive a feud for four generations. Easy enough it might be for Jesus to preach about forgiving His enemies. People followed Him, loved Him—He had no enemies. This was the way Frank was reasoning as Jim preached.

But what was that the preacher was saying now? Frank came out of his dreaming and listened. Jim Brown was saying that all the people did not listen gladly. The religious leaders, the political leaders, followed Jesus that they might find occasion to trap Him, to get something they might use against Him. They could not find anything against Jesus, so they lied about Him; condemned Him with a sham trial; spat upon Him; beat Him; made Him suffer everything mean they could think to do; and finally they killed Him on the cross.

The mind of the young lad had dropped his own troubles for a few moments. Why didn't some of Jesus' friends get even with those mockers and scoffers? Why didn't they take up the fight? But now the preacher was answering Frank's very thoughts. He was saying: "When they took Jesus prisoner in the garden, Peter had drawn his sword to fight, but Jesus rebuked him with the words: 'Put up

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again thy sword into its place.' And again, after all the beating and humiliation and suffering, even on the cross, Jesus prayed for His enemies, 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.' "

Frank sat like one dazed. His eyes blazed. What did Jesus pray like that for? Why didn't He call down the curses of Heaven on their heads? But the voice of Jim Brown, full of pleading, was saying: "In this way the world's great Teacher showed forth in His own life the wonderful lesson of love and forgiveness. He had taught His people—'Love your enemies, do good to them which hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you.' Jesus Himself did that very thing."

After the benediction Frank stumbled out of the old schoolhouse and hurried off to the woods by himself. His thoughts were racing wildly. He was angry. It might be all right for Jesus, he thought; He could forgive those brutes if He wanted to. But as for himself, he had one aim in life—getting his man, avenging his family. The last man of the enemy family must be wiped out.

In the days that followed, Frank's mind was in constant confusion. Jim Brown's voice followed him everywhere. He knew Jim had

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been thinking of him and others like him who were carrying on family feuds when he preached that sermon. There would come to Frank over and over the picture of Jesus proving true to His own teachings and forgiving those who took from Him His life. But Frank would try to put the picture out of his mind. And, when not at work, he stalked the hills, gun in hand, looking for Harry Jackson.

One day, after tramping the hills until he was tired, Frank sat down under a tree to rest, his gun lying across his knees. His mind was again fighting against the sermon Jim Brown had preached. He went over the same argument again and again, but he always came out at the same place—no matter what Jim Brown said, *he* must get his man.

Suddenly he became aware that for several minutes he had heard the snapping of twigs and the sound of footsteps. He arose cautiously and peered through the thick bushes. His heart gave a mighty throb. Harry Jackson was only a few feet from him; he was bending down examining a trail; his gun lay on the ground several feet away; his back toward Frank.

Frank grasped his gun, and with a mighty effort sprang through the bushes and stood between Harry and his gun as it lay upon the

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ground. Harry turned like a flash and reached for his gun. Then he saw it was beyond his reach. Between him and it stood his enemy, gun leveled. Then Frank's voice rang out: "Stand up against that tree." Harry knew he was helpless. Without a word he drew himself up against the tree. There was a look of baffled hate in his eyes, but he did not cringe.

Frank looked at him over the barrel of his gun. "Now you-all are a-goin' to take your medicine sure enough; and there won't be none o' you-uns to reckon with no more."

As the words passed Frank's lips a queer feeling surged through him. It seemed as if he heard the voice of Preacher Jim repeating the words of Jesus, "Father, forgive them." He tried to shake himself free of the feeling, but he could not. He seemed to see the mountainside thronged with listening people and the wonderful face of Jesus as He said, "Love your enemies, do good to them that hate you," just as Preacher Jim had described it to them that Sunday.

He shrugged his shoulders and muttered to himself: "I won't have no more enemies when this one is gone, then I won't hate no more."

But suddenly he saw, not an enemy, but just a young lad leaning against the tree, a young

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lad like himself, only eighteen, tall and strong, and the only man left in his family. He pictured himself against that tree, and thought how his mother and sisters would feel if they heard that the long feud ended with his own life. What had started it all, anyway? He had heard about it a great many times, but it had slipped his mind.

Harry's angry voice cut short his dreaming. "What you-all waitin' for? I can't defend myself 'gainst that gun o' yours an' mine there in the road. I didn't aim to let you git me like this. I'd 'a' got you-all first if you'd 'a' been movin' round. Why don't you-all shoot and be done with it?"

The sullen rage smoldering in his eyes gave way to surprise as Frank dropped his gun and said dully:

"I ain't a-goin' to shoot at all. You-all can go on about your business. Jim Brown's been preachin' over on our side of the hill about how Jesus said we shouldn't git revenge on our enemies and shouldn't hate them what hate us—and Jesus forgave them what killed Him—an' I ain't a-goin' to have no more fightin'. You-all can't never shoot me now after this, 'cause I had you helpless and let you go. Take your gun an' shoot squirrels and things to eat."

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Frank picked up Harry's gun and handed it to him, then turned and went down the mountain on his own side without even looking back. He crashed through the bushes and out into the clearing, and made straight for the schoolhouse to find Jim Brown. He wanted to tell the preacher he was through with hate, and that the feud that had run through his family for four generations was off for good.

XII.

DOROTHY'S DOLL.

DOROTHY was ten. Until she was seven she had never known anything better than a garret for a home. She had never known what it meant to be warm in winter. She had never in all her young life felt the satisfaction of having all she wanted to eat. Her father and mother were not good people. Cold, hunger and angry blows had been her lot.

One day Dorothy's mother died. The father, caring nothing for his child, sent her to an orphanage. The word "orphanage" does not sound very pleasant to our ears, but oh, what a beautiful place it seemed to Dorothy! She was never really hungry any more, and she had plenty of clothes to keep her warm when the cold days came. True, nobody gathered her into loving arms and comforted her when things went wrong. The matron and teachers and nurses were very kind, but very, very busy with dozens and dozens of other

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children like Dorothy. But the child was grateful that there were no more blows from angry parents.

A few days before Thanksgiving, a tall, lovely woman, with a bright-faced child about Dorothy's age, came to the orphanage. They were dressed so beautifully that Dorothy fairly gasped with the wonder of them when she went into the room where they were. The mother was talking to the matron. The little girl was sitting in a low rocker with what Dorothy at first thought was a little baby in her arms.

Shyly Dorothy crept closer, at first unobserved by the little stranger, who was singing softly to the bundle in her arms and rocking gently back and forth. As Dorothy watched, her heart began to beat so fast she put her hand over it as if to quiet it. She felt very much excited, though she did not understand why.

The little stranger looked up and saw the shy, eager look in Dorothy's face. She stopped rocking.

"Come and see my doll," she cried gayly. "I got her last Christmas from my father and mother."

Dorothy went forward wonderingly. So this was not a baby, but a doll! But how dif-

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ferent it was from any doll Dorothy had ever seen! It was big, and had real hair, and dainty clothes, and, wonder of wonders! it would open and close its eyes whenever the little stranger set it up or laid it down. Dorothy was entranced.

"May I hold it for just a minute?" she breathed.

The little stranger handed Dorothy the doll. Dorothy hugged it close, as if she would never, never let it go.

"Oh, you beautiful, beautiful creature," she whispered to the doll. "If you were mine, I should be the happiest person in the whole world."

"Didn't you ever have a doll?" asked the little stranger, wonderingly. And then, as Dorothy shook her head, she continued: "But maybe you'll get one this Christmas."

"Oh, no," said Dorothy. "I'd never get a doll. Some of the orphans have had people bring them dolls, but I don't know any one who would bring me one. Anyway, no one here ever had a doll like this one. Why, it is perfectly won-der-ful."

The mother, by this time having finished her conversation with the matron, came forward to take the little stranger away. Dorothy hugged

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the doll more tightly. How her heart ached at the thought of letting it go! The mother looked at Dorothy's flushed, wistful face, and then at the bright, happy face of her own child.

"Mother," said the little stranger, earnestly, "she says she never had a doll and she never saw one like this, and she has no one to give her one, and she hardly ever gets any presents of any kind either. Did you ever hear of anything so strange?"

The mother laid her hand affectionately on her child's shoulder. "Perhaps, dear, since you get so many presents, you might like to share with her. You have a number of dolls. Could you leave this one with her?"

"Oh, mother," cried the child, clasping her hands together, "she is one of my very best dolls. I named her Betsy after one of my dear chums."

The mother answered kindly: "She may be one of your very best, but you have others just as good. I am sure Betsy would be glad to have her namesake making some one very happy. But you must do as you think best."

The little girl was silent for a moment. She remembered her lovely home and the automobile, and all her playthings, and her father

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and mother. Then she looked at Dorothy. Here was a little girl who had no mother, and she lived in this big place with dozens and dozens of children and nobody brought her presents. A great feeling of love and sympathy came into her heart. "I'll do it, mother. She shall have my doll, 'cause I'm so thankful to have so much."

She threw her arms around Dorothy and the doll, and kissed them both. Then she turned and hurried out of the room ahead of her mother, for, after all, it was hard to leave Betsy behind.

Dorothy stood for a minute holding the precious bundle close, scarcely able to realize this wonderful miracle that had happened. All the pent-up love of her starved heart went out to the lovely doll in her arms. Then, as she realized that it truly belonged to her, she buried her face in the folds of its dainty dress, and, dropping into the rocker, swayed back and forth in an ecstasy of joy. Aloud she said: "You blessed, blessed doll. How I shall love you, love you, love you." Then she paused for a moment and added slowly: "And I'll let the other girls take turns holding you sometimes, too, for none of them ever saw such a wonderful, wonderful doll as you."

XIII.

BECAUSE OF JOHN.

JOHN'S thoughts so often went back to his big, strong father. He remembered his father more clearly, perhaps, than most boys would remember a father dead several years. There were two reasons for this.

After his father's death, John's home was broken up. There was no money to take care of John, so he had been sent to an orphanage out in the country. But it was good to have a place to go, even if it was an orphanage. But it would be much easier, John often thought, to live there if he did not have to stay inside so much, but could roam in the great open spaces.

John was frail and sickly, and had a bad spine. He was slightly hunchbacked, and one leg was shorter than the other. He could not run and play like the other boys. He could not read very much, either, for it strained his eyes. Hour after hour he was obliged to sit

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in the big sun parlor for rest and a sunning, while the other boys romped and played. Then he would think and think of how his big father used to carry him in his strong arms when his back hurt and would read to him when his eyes were tired.

But all that was past. There was no one to carry him now, and it was only occasionally that some one had time to wheel him around in his wheel-chair. John's mother was still living, but she could only visit him occasionally. When she came she read to him, and sometimes the boys read to him or talked to him. But there were many lonely hours when the other boys went on hikes or to church, and John did not even have them to watch as they played, and he could do nothing but sit with folded hands and dream.

One day some boys from the town came out to visit the orphanage. It was a Sunday-school class of real boys. They had hikes and went together to visit all sorts of interesting places. Their teacher was interested in the orphanage, and after he had told the boys some stories of the orphanage children, they were eager to go.

The visiting boys played games with the orphanage boys in the great yard until near

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dusk. Then they went inside. From his chair in the sun-parlor, John had watched the boys at their play. It was interesting to see new boys. It gave John a touch of the world outside. He almost forgot his short leg and bad spine. There was such a look of pleasure on his face when the visiting boys trooped into the sun-parlor, that they did not notice at first that John was different or sat in a wheel-chair.

One of the visiting boys spied John as he came through the door and called out: "Hey, you, why didn't you come out and play? Had to stay in as punishment for being bad?"

The light died out of John's face for a minute. One of the orphanage boys caught the visitor by the collar and whispered into his ear: "Hush! he's lame. Can't you see? He can't play."

The visiting boy was abashed at his thoughtlessness. But John understood, and, wanting to help the boy out of his embarrassment, exerted all his will power to bring back the look of eager enjoyment to his face.

"That was a fine game of ball you fellows played," he said. "It seems good to see new faces on the playground."

Then the boys all began talking at once, drifting about the room in groups, but Donald

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Andrews, the visiting boy who had spoken thoughtlessly, sat down beside John, and, in a fumbling, boyish way, tried to apologize for what he had said, but John broke in:

"Don't bother about that. I know you didn't mean anything. You see, I have always been lame, and I'm used to it."

Donald was silent a minute, then he said: "Say, you must have lots of time to read, don't you? That's one thing you get out of being lame. My mother will never let me read very long at a time, and I just love to read. She always makes me go out to play. Says it's not good for a fellow to be quiet so much; he ought to exercise. But, say, I'd rather read any day."

John shook his head. "Mostly I don't read. You see, my eyes are not strong, and after I have done my studies, they are too tired to read much. I can only read a little at a time."

"What do you do then?" asked Donald.

"Oh, nothing much," said John. "Sometimes I watch the boys when they play in the yard. But often they go on hikes. Then in the early evening they like to read, and often I sit for hours with nothing to do but think. Oh, the boys try to be good to me—often go out of their way to make it pleasant for me,

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and sometimes put down their books to talk to me or read out loud. But, of course, they can't remember about me all the time."

Donald thought a moment. Then he looked around and said: "Don't you people have a radio?"

John's eyes shone. "No," he said. "I have heard people talk about radios, but I don't quite see how any one could just sit here and hear people far off sing and play and talk. My! if we had one, it would fill up many hours that seem so long now."

Just then the leader of the visiting boys called out that it was time to go, and the boys all crowded to the door calling good-by as they went. Donald laid his hand on John's shoulder and said: "I'll see you again some time."

On the way home Donald talked about John, and the boys were interested. When the class had its next meeting, Donald spoke of John again and said:

"Say, fellows, John sure ought to have a radio. Why can't we make one for the orphanage and save our money to buy a loud speaker? It won't be much work or cost much. What do you say?"

The boys were enthusiastic. They worked and saved from their allowances, going without

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ice-cream cones and walking instead of taking street-cars. At last the radio was complete and the loud speaker bought. Donald and several of the boys went out to the orphanage to install it.

What a commotion there was among the boys at the orphanage when the news spread! They all crowded into the sun-parlor, and when the installation was complete, and they tuned in on a station broadcasting an early evening program, the boys fairly went wild.

John's face was shining. He was too excited for words. There would be no more lonely hours. When the boys were at church, he could listen to a service. When the boys went on hikes or read in the evening and his eyes were tired, he could listen in on music and speeches. He would not be just a lonely boy in a wheel-chair out in the country, with hands folded, thinking, thinking. He would be an eager boy in touch with the great world outside.

There were so many thanks fairly shouted by lusty boy voices that the visiting boys were overwhelmed. But they felt more than repaid for the work and sacrifice by the quiet "Thanks, fellows," from John and by the shining happiness of his eyes.

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When the visitors were gone, the boys gathered around John, and one of them said rather hesitatingly: "Seems as if we have never been able to do much for you, or give you many good times, and now, because we have helped you to have a good time, we are having more fun ourselves."

XIV.

THE STATUE IN A CALICO DRESS.

IN the public square of a great city stands the statue of a woman in a calico dress. We can imagine a statue of a beautiful goddess which some artist fashioned out of his imagination; maybe we have seen statues of famous women well dressed. But this woman was neither beautiful nor famous outside her own city. And yet there is her statue in marble on a great pedestal. She is sitting, and at her side, leaning against her and looking lovingly up at her, is the figure of a little child.

This is the statue of Margaret Haughery, and the monument is in a great square in the city of New Orleans. It was the first public monument ever erected in America to a woman. All the dignified Government officials of the State, a vast number of men and women, and a thousand orphan children were present when the statue was unveiled, and the people of the city looked upon it as a general holiday.

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How did it all come about? It was this way. Margaret Haughery was born in Ireland, and came to America, to the city of Baltimore, with her parents. There was a yellow-fever epidemic. Her parents both died, and she was left an orphan. A kind-hearted family took her and reared her. She lived with them until she was married. With her husband, she then moved to New Orleans. But misfortune again befell her. Her husband died, and later her only child died too. Margaret was alone once more. But now she was a grown woman and must look out for herself. She had no money, so became a laundress in a hotel.

As she worked day after day, she used to say to herself: "There are many orphan children in this city, I know. Many of them will never be so fortunate as I was. Nobody will ever take them into their homes. They will live all their childhood days in orphanages. There must be an orphanage somewhere near, and I am going to find it. I am sure there is something I can do to make the lives of the children who live there happier. It can't be much, but I'll do what I can."

Sure enough, she found an orphanage not far away. And she found, too, that those who had charge of the orphanage were having a

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terrible struggle to keep it running and give the children enough to eat.

When Margaret said to the woman in charge, "I want to help. Will you accept what little I can do?" the woman somehow felt she had found a good friend. Why she should feel that way she did not know, for Margaret was dressed so plainly the woman must have known she did not have much money. And, besides, Margaret did not say just in what way she was going to help. But the woman's heart was lighter.

Margaret went back to the hotel where she worked and sat down to think. Her wages were too small to do much. What could she do? She thought and thought. You could never guess what she decided upon.

Well, this was what she decided she would do. She had saved a little money, and she bought two cows! She milked the cows night and morning and sold the milk to the orphanage at cost. She worked up a milk route and gave most of her profits to the orphanage. The rest of the profits she saved until she had enough money to buy another cow. Then she had more profits for the orphanage. Winter and summer she delivered milk, thinking all the time of the children. Having the children in

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mind so constantly, she talked to her customers about them and the customers gave her clothing for which they had no further need, and oftentimes they gave her food.

If Margaret had stayed in the laundry business at the hotel, working and thinking only of herself, she probably would have been poor all her life. But in this new business which she started for the sake of the children of the orphanage, she prospered. She never knew just how it happened, but she soon had enough money to buy more cows; and she made more money and kept on buying cows until she had quite a dairy and was making money fast. And all the time she kept giving more and more money to the orphanage and to needy ones all around. Then she opened a bakery.

She adopted other orphanages, and she gave them all milk and bakery goods at cost. But, no matter how much she gave away, she always seemed to be making more and more money. Her business grew so that she became quite wealthy. Gradually the people of the city came to know about her, for, besides furnishing milk and bakery goods to the orphanages at cost, and giving generously of her money to them, she began to give to other charities that helped children.

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Not only did she give her money, but she gave her love to the children. She came to know hundreds of them personally, and they adored her. She never spent her money on herself, even when she made a great deal of it. She could have had a beautiful home and have worn lovely clothes and jewels. She always lived very simply and wore the very plainest clothes. She might be seen in any part of the city, at almost any time of day or night, with a face alight with love and joy, going about on her errands of mercy. Her one thought was to help the children of the poor and the needy and those who had no one else to care for them.

When she died the newspapers bordered their pages with black as if they were in mourning for some great public official. And the thousands of people who knew of her wonderful life attended the funeral and paid her loving tribute.

The city can never forget her, for every one who walks in that public square will look upon her, dressed in simple calico as she dressed in life, and be reminded of how Margaret Haughery helped God make the world happier.

XV.

THE LACE-MAKERS.

AZADOUHI'S family were of the best of the Armenian race. For years they had lived among their orchards and vineyards in Asiatic Turkey. They lived in peace and prosperity until Azadouhi was twelve years old. Then one day war came. Their town was attacked. The Armenian forces were not strong enough to resist their enemies and all their men were killed. The women and children were driven from their homes.

For a long time Azadouhi and her mother wandered in the desert; they had no shelter; they had no food. At last the mother died. Azadouhi, hungry, ragged and almost starved, was picked up by some American Relief workers and carried into an orphanage. She was carefully nursed and at last grew well and strong again.

In Azadouhi's heart was a passionate devotion to the Relief workers and love for the

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American people for their kindness in establishing and keeping the orphanage. When she was well enough to learn to work with her hands in the industrial shop, she was one of the most eager little needle-workers among the hundreds of children in the orphanage. She made beautiful laces. How carefully and lovingly every stitch was made, so that the lace might be beautiful enough to sell and the money go into the treasury of the orphanage. She did not realize how many thousands of dollars it took to feed so many orphans, but she knew it must be a great many, and she wanted to help.

Then one day the rations were cut down. The Relief workers explained that not so much money had been coming from America, and they would have to make that little go as far as possible. The children did not complain because of not having so much to eat. But that day, when they went into the shops, some of them could not work. There was no material to work with. It takes thread to make laces, and, since there was scarcely enough money to buy food, they could not buy thread.

The girls were keenly disappointed. They loved to make laces; and, besides, now they could not help! Azadouhi seemed especially downcast. She wanted to work. She wanted to

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help the orphanage by earning money. Disconsolately she wandered about during the hours she was free from study. Then a group got together to play. While they were playing, Azadouhi fell and got an ugly, long cut on her arm. A Relief worker hurried to her and took her to the hospital to have the arm dressed. Half an hour later a very quiet little Azadouhi was seen walking around with her arm bandaged from wrist to elbow. She had been ordered not to play any more that day. Things were not going well at all.

In the afternoon, with a book to read, Azadouhi sat by herself. But she could not read. She was bemoaning the fact that she could not work at her beloved laces. There was no thread. Then her eyes fell on her bandages. A thought shot through her mind. There was plenty of thread in the bandages. Why did all that thread have to be in a bandage when she wanted it so much for her laces? As she looked at the bandage, her eyes grew wide and another thought began to take shape in her mind. The next minute Azadouhi quietly slipped into the lace-shop.

Several of the other girls had seen Azadouhi slip into the shop, and they wondered. They followed her. They saw her sitting by the

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window, needle and thread in hand, making lace. They were filled with amazement.

"Where did you get the thread?" they asked eagerly.

Azadouhi did not answer. She simply went on working.

The children looked at her inquiringly for a minute, and then exclaimed in chorus: "Oh! Oh! What will the nurse say?"

"I can't help it," said Azadouhi. "I must make the lace so we can sell it and have more money for the orphanage. The Americans are giving us money all the time; we mustn't stop earning what we can."

The other girls looked at each other. It seemed almost as if they all had one idea at the same moment, and each girl knew what the other one was thinking about. Quietly they went out. One said: "Oh! let me be first!"

During the afternoon four little girls went, one after another, into the hospital to have their arms bandaged for scratches that looked very much alike. The nurse was worried. She thought she would better investigate. What were the children doing that so many got ugly scratches? She went out onto the playground, but could see nothing of any little girls with bandaged arms. Where could they be?

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The nurse spoke to another Relief worker and they started in search of the girls with bandages. Here and there they looked. At last they came to the shop where the lacemakers worked. The nurse said, "They won't be in here, for there are no materials to work with to-day." But the other one said, "Let us look inside anyway."

When they stepped inside, there were five girls sitting in a circle working away with all their might. The nurse looked at the Relief worker. "Did some thread come?" she asked.

The Relief worker shook her head. "Not that I have heard. I wonder where they got the thread."

Then the nurse's eyes fell upon the bare arms with the long, red scratches revealed. "Children! children! Why did you take off those bandages? Where are they?"

Then, as the children dropped their heads, the nurse picked up a handful of threads from the lap of one and at once recognized them as being the same kind of thread of which the bandages were made.

"Did you unravel those bandages?" she asked. Five heads swung slowly back and forth, indicating "Yes." The nurse's eyes filled with tears. "Why did you do it? Don't you

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know your arms may get infected? How did you all get such terrible scratches, anyway?"

One girl spoke: "Azadouhi got hurt accidentally, and she thought of unraveling the bandage. When we saw her making lace from the ravelings, we took a sharp stone and scratched our arms on purpose, so we could have bandages to unravel. Oh, we unraveled them so carefully we scarcely broke a thread."

The nurse seemed dazed. "You made those awful scratches on purpose? Children, children, why did you do it?"

Azadouhi spoke eagerly: "But, nurse, we must go on making the laces. We must help the American people to pay for the expense of the orphanage. They are doing so much."

The Relief worker looked at the nurse. "Doing so much!" she said. "Oh, if they only knew the grateful hearts of these little lacemakers, they would surely do more."

The nurse's voice was soft and trembling as she spoke to the children: "You four should not have scratched your arms on purpose, and none of you should have taken off the bandages. It was too great a risk. But, oh, my dears, it was a beautiful, helpful spirit that prompted you. Come, we will put fresh bandages on, and this time you must not take them off. God will

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surely put it into the hearts of good people to send more money in a few days so we can buy plenty of the right kind of thread. Ravelings are not good enough for such earnest little lacemakers as you."

This story is built around an incident which the writer heard recited in public address by Mrs. Jeannette W. Emrich. Mrs. Emrich was a Relief worker in the Near East, and intimately acquainted with the orphanage children. The incident is used in this story with Mrs. Emrich's permission.

XVI.

THE LIGHT ON THE BLUFF.

THE sun was going down like a blazing, golden ball, as the fishermen put out to sea. They planned to fish all night, as they often did, but, after the sun had disappeared and the darkness came on, a terrible storm arose. The sky grew intensely black, and the wind blew a gale. The waves tossed the two fishing-boats about until the fishermen knew not where they were nor whether they should ever reach shore again.

There was a great rock along that coast that jutted far out into the sea. A sharp, dangerous rock it was, and no fishing-boat could dash against it and hold together. On nights of storm, the fishermen had one great fear—the rock. If they could keep away from that! They held fast to their courage and battled the storm with stout hearts.

Several times ships had been dashed to pieces against that rock, for there was at that

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time no lighthouse there. In a terrible storm one night Jane Allen's father's boat had struck, and when the fishermen made shore next morning, his boat and the men who had manned it were missing. Jane was left alone.

Day after day she toiled at her spinning-wheel to earn enough to care for herself, and often, as she looked out to sea, she thought of the rock and wished there were a light there, so that no other girl's father might lose his life as her father had. All this happened long before there were so many lights as now.

This night, as the storm arose, Jane stood by the window and peered out. She could see nothing but blackness. But she could hear the wind howling and the breaking of the waves as they dashed against the great rock. Her cottage was on a bluff, and the rock jutted out from that very bluff. For a long time Jane stood, forehead against the window pane, her eyes vainly trying to pierce the dense darkness. She thought of the men out in that wild night, not knowing which way to direct their boats.

Then the idea came to her. Why not make her house a lighthouse! It was high enough so that the light could be seen a long way off, and all the fishermen knew that the dangerous rock reached out from that bluff.

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She hurriedly lighted a candle and placed it in the window. But it was only a flickering light, she thought, and would not carry far. Then she added another candle and still others, until she had a dozen, which, placed close together, seemed like one big light. This light she knew would shine out at least beyond the dangerous rock. Hour after hour she stood there and tended the candles, trimming them from time to time, so as to keep the flame bright.

Out in the angry sea the fishing-boats tossed, and the fishermen prayed one prayer: that they might be kept out of the way of the jagged rock. Suddenly a man cried: "A light! A light!" Then, making a megaphone of his hands, he shouted to the men in the other boat: "See, a light! A light!"

As the wind beat about them and the waves dashed against their boats, they tried to make out the meaning of the light. Where were they? They knew of no light thereabouts. But as the light glowed through the dark, dim to be sure, but steady, they gradually began to understand, and said to one another: "The light must come from a house on shore. Some one is sending us a warning signal. There is but one point of land so high, and that is the

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Allen house on the bluff above the rock. It must be Jane's light."

If that were true, they knew the rock was below, stretching its dangerous arm out into the sea. It surely must be that Jane was trying to warn them off the rock. Oh, if the light would stay, they would know how to guide their boats so as not to be dashed to pieces. They could struggle with the storm, if only they could keep clear of the rock. Would the light stay until the storm ceased? Or would it go out after awhile and leave them in doubt and danger again?

The hours passed, but the light still glowed dimly through the darkness. A faithful girl tended it through the long night. The fishermen fought the waves, but their hearts sang. They knew now where the rock lay, and slowly but surely they fought their way from it.

Gradually the storm died down, the early morning dawned, and the fishermen made safe landing. Tired though they were from the toil and peril of the night, they made their way at once up the bluff to Jane's house to thank her for the thoughtfulness and devotion that had saved their lives.

As Jane listened to their words of thanks and praise, a resolution formed in her mind—

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she would keep the light always when a storm was on. She would have a lighthouse of her own, that no more fishermen caught in a storm might be cast upon the rock.

Jane was poor, oh, so poor. The cost of the candles would mean much sacrifice. But she worked longer hours at her spinning-wheel. When she had spun enough to buy her food, she would always spin some more to buy the candles that would be needed to light boats out at sea and keep them off the treacherous rock when a storm came.

When her sacrifice and devotion were brought to the notice of Government officials, they were so impressed that they gave her a medal of honor, and established a real lighthouse on the bluff.

XVII.

A BOY SCOUT KEEPS FAITH.

HALT!" rang out a clear voice.

Two lines of Boy Scouts came to a standstill.

"That's pretty good marching for raw recruits. You'll do in time. Now, all together, the Scout Oath."

Fifteen lusty fellows stood at attention, and repeated in unison: "On my honor I will do my best to do my duty to God and to my country, and to obey the Scout law; to help other people at all times; to keep myself physically strong, mentally awake and morally straight."

Sounds familiar, doesn't it? But this scene took place on the other side of the world, in a city of Asiatic Turkey, back in 1914. The Scoutmaster was very young, but little older than the boys he drilled. He was the son of an American missionary, and the Scouts were Armenian students at the mission school. They were enthusiastic Scouts and worked hard to

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become expert in first aid and to keep the Scout law.

In that city of fifty thousand people, three-fifths were Armenians. Though only two-fifths were Turks, the government was in their hands. The Turks hated the Armenians for two reasons. They were thrifty and prosperous, and they were Christians.

The day on which this story begins, one boy was absent from drill—Mutras, the son of a prominent Armenian citizen of the town. Mutras was absent without permission, and without sending an excuse. That was contrary to their laws. Ordinarily, it would mean a penalty, but you will learn why Mutras' penalty was never paid.

As the boys were about to separate after drill, Mutras came hurrying toward them. He was breathless from running.

"The town is all excited," he gasped. "Our people have refused to give more men for the Turkish army. Those who entered on the former call have been half-starved and set to digging ditches. They are not really soldiers at all, for the Turks have taken their weapons away from them."

The boys crowded around Mutras. "Will there be trouble between the Armenians and

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the Turks if our men do not enlist in the Turkish army?" half a dozen voices asked at once.

"Father says we Armenians must not fight the Turks, but no more Armenians will go into the Turkish army if they are treated as those who have already joined are treated. It isn't wrong to refuse to be beaten and starved. And anyway, the Armenians don't want to fight against the Allies." He finished in a burst of indignant wrath.

The next day word went forth from Turkish officials that three thousand Armenians must join the Turkish army at once, or they would be counted as traitors to the Government. The Armenians were so desirous of keeping peace that they at last agreed to furnish the men. But before the men were enlisted, three Armenians, prominent in the city, were treacherously slain by the Turks when they went to the Turkish officials to talk the matter over.

This treachery made the Armenians change their minds. They said four hundred men would enlist, and they would pay exemption taxes for the rest, and that was all they could do.

The Turkish Governor-General refused to accept the compromise, and threatened the Armenians with severe and immediate punishment.

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The Armenians did not have any arms, so all they could do to defend themselves was to gather together in one section of the town, barricade their houses and build such entrenchments as they could.

The Turkish soldiers fired on them. The Armenians were poorly prepared for defense, but they were strong in heart, and withstood the Turkish fire for many days.

The Turks demanded that the Armenian students in the missionary school be sent to their people. Then the Turkish Governor-General notified the missionary people that no Armenians should be received in the missionary compound; the missionaries must not help the Armenians in any way, or the Turks would open fire on them too.

Now was the time for the Boy Scouts to prove themselves. Cut off from the missionary compound, they had no Scoutmaster. But Mutras called his fifteen comrades together and assumed command. There in their barricaded quarters, under the shadow of the Turkish garrison on a near-by hill, the boys again repeated their Scout oath. But there was more real meaning in the well-known words now. Their young hearts were hot with indignation at Turkish injustice, and they knew there would be

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plenty of work to do, for there was no doctor in that Armenian garrison.

Mutras proved to be a good leader. Under his guidance those Armenian Scouts played a heroic part. All they had ever learned in first-aid had to be put into practice now. They kept the barricaded quarters clean; carried the wounded on stretchers; took care of the sick and distributed supplies.

Up in the missionary compound the American missionaries were thinking constantly of their Armenian friends. Word reached them that there was no doctor with the Armenians, and many were sick. One of the missionary doctors said: "Turkish orders or no orders, I am going to the help of those Armenians."

When the Turks discovered that an American doctor had dared to disobey their orders, they were infuriated and opened fire on the missionary compound. Several missionaries were killed. Then one day the Turks stopped firing and gave orders that all the Armenians and the American missionaries were to leave the town at once. The Turks refused to discuss the matter or make any compromise—all Armenians and American missionaries must go. But where could they go? They had no ammunition to defend themselves; their supplies were gone.

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They fled to the mountains. They gathered what they had at hand, and young and old, sick and well started on that terrible march. In less than two days the town was empty of Armenians and Americans.

The days that followed were nightmares of horror for the fugitives. The mountain road was rough and there were numerous rivers to ford. One day, while passing through a narrow valley, the defenseless refugees were fired upon by Kurds from the mountains. Day after day they struggled on, sleeping nights under the open sky, with no shelter when it rained. An epidemic broke out. Hundreds died on the way.

All through these terrible days the Scouts were proving themselves. The young American Scoutmaster had rejoined his troop when they fled from the town. They helped as best they could on the way. Gradually, however, they became separated. But not one forgot that he was still a Scout, and kept busy helping in every way, rendering first-aid and ministering to the sick.

Mutras, however, had managed to keep close to his beloved American Scoutmaster. Together they worked from day to day. Then one day the young Scoutmaster was stricken

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with the terrible epidemic. His father, the missionary, and Mutras, watched over and cared for him. But love and careful nursing could not save the young American. Mutras and the father buried him by the roadside, and Mutras repeated the Scout oath over the newly made grave as a burial service. Then Mutras continued his work with the missionary.

At last they were all safe beyond the reach of the Turks, and found refuge near a small mountain village. Nearly half the Armenians had died from hardship, starvation and disease. A future of hardship and possible starvation lay before them. Besides the young Scoutmaster, some other Americans had died too.

Some of the missionaries remained with the refugees. But some were so sick they could be of no help, and they made their way to Petrograd and back to their friends in America.

Among the missionaries who returned to America was the father of the young Scoutmaster. Remembering the devotion of Mutras to his boy, the missionary said: "Come back with me, Mutras, to my country. I'll see that you get safely through. Back in America there will be no more suffering and hardship for you. You will be safe and happy."

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But Mutras would not go. "My people need me here. I am strong and a Scout. I can help. Thank you, sir, for the offer; but I must stay here. If the Scout oath to 'help other people at all times' means anything, now is the time to show it."

Then he sought out the remnant of the troop, now only ten, and they pledged themselves anew to God and to helping their people in their terrific fight against sickness and starvation in their new home.

This story is a revision of one originally written for and published in a handbook issued jointly by the International Sunday School Association and the Near East Relief. The story was built on an actual incident reported by a returned Near East worker.

XVIII.

SIDNEY'S RECOMMENDATION.

SIDNEY STANFORD was working in his first position after graduating from college. A good position, too, he thought it was; and he liked it. Sidney was ambitious, and it seemed to him as if this position was likely to put him into line to realize his ambitions some day. He used to dream of the time when he should become more important around that office. But he did not take it all out in dreaming. He put himself steadily to work to make good every day.

There was only one thing about Sidney's work that bothered him. His employer was a gruff man. He did not smile very often, and sometimes it seemed to Sidney as if his employer was scarcely aware of his existence. Some of the people in the office stood in great awe of Mr. Bancroft. Sidney didn't feel that way about him, but he used to say to himself: "I shouldn't like to do anything to make him

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angry with me. I guess he could be pretty disagreeable. I'd rather he would not notice me at all than ever get angry with me. But some day I'll make him notice me because of the good work I do."

Months went by. There was a rumor about the office that Mr. Bancroft felt he was not making enough money. Some of the employees called him a profiteer under their breath, but no one dared to say it out loud. Sidney could not see why Mr. Bancroft should be worried about money. So far as any one could see, the business was prosperous enough.

One day there was another rumor abroad to the effect that Mr. Bancroft was thinking of making his employees work on Sundays, so as to get more done and take care of the increasing business without any extra help. Sidney was rather startled at this. It was against his principles to work on Sunday, unless it might be a great emergency. He had been taught by his parents to believe that God gave the Ten Commandments to ancient people to be kept, and not broken whenever it suited their convenience. One of those commandments was to "remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy," and he believed Sunday should be so kept now. Though Sidney was away from his fam-

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ily, and making his own way, he still felt he would like to play fair with his home teaching.

"I hope Mr. Bancroft won't ask me to work Sundays," Sidney said to himself. "Of course, if he were going into bankruptcy and an emergency was on, or if one of the fellows was sick and I had to do double work to help hold his job for him, that would be different. But just deliberately to work on Sundays so my employer can make more money—well, I hope he won't ask me, that's all." However, he kept his own counsel and did not discuss the subject with the other people in the office.

At last the blow fell. The employees were all called together one day and told that thereafter the whole force would be divided into shifts, and that one shift would work on one Sunday and the other shift the next, and so alternate until further notice. Mr. Bancroft seemed sterner than ever as he stood before them. "There will be no favoritism, and no excuses will go. This is the new rule at least for the next six months, and everybody will obey."

Sidney's heart was thumping. Right on the instant he made up his mind. He couldn't do it, and that was all. No matter what the cost. So, as Mr. Bancroft was going back to his

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office, Sidney stepped up to him. "Beg your pardon, sir. May I have a word with you," he said.

"Well, what's on your mind? Nothing about this Sunday working order, I hope. I told you to understand that was settled. If you have any Sunday engagement, change it." He said it so loudly and gruffly that the other employees all heard him and looked around in surprise. Sidney was much embarrassed.

"Well, sir, it's just this, sir. I'm sorry to disappoint you, but I can not work on Sundays. It is against my principles."

Mr. Bancroft pounded his fist on a desk beside him. "Principles! principles!" he shouted. "Didn't I tell you there was no arguing the matter? What right have you to have principles against anything I order? Go back to your desk and do as you're told."

"But, sir, I do have principles." And now Sidney was losing his hesitation, and, with squared shoulders, was speaking right out. "Any man has a right to his own principles. And mine include respect for the Scriptures and the Lord's Day. I must repeat, I can not work on Sundays when it does not seem necessary."

Mr. Bancroft stormed: "Seem necessary! Seem necessary! Who are you to say what

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shall be considered necessary around this office? You are discharged, young man—discharged this minute. The cashier will pay you what is coming to you. If you ever get your senses back so you will do what you are told without arguing about principles, you can have your job back. The manager tells me you are a good worker, and a likely young fellow. But you have no sense. You'll find that good jobs are not so easily secured." And he turned and walked away.

For a minute Sidney stood dumbfounded. Now he certainly had got himself into trouble. He had liked this position so well; and he had seen such rosy promises for the future. But he squared his shoulders again. Well, it was better to starve than to go back on one's principles; and he guessed he would not starve while he was well and strong.

Several weeks passed. Sidney had answered advertisement after advertisement, only to find there was either something wrong with the position, or it was one he could not fill. His visits to employment offices were no more fruitful. He was getting discouraged. Sometimes he wondered if he had been really wise to take the stand he did. But deep down in his heart he knew that he would have been a coward to do

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anything else. He took fresh courage and started out again to look for a position. It was hard to keep up his courage. His money was nearly gone.

As for Mr. Bancroft, after his anger had died down, he acknowledged to himself that he was sorry to lose Sidney from his office. Even though Sidney had thought himself unnoticed, Mr. Bancroft had had his eyes on him and had estimated his worth. He would say to himself: "Young whippersnapper, why did he have to be so headstrong? Maybe he did it on the spur of the moment and will come back. He'll not find another position as good as this for some time." But the days passed and Sidney did not come back.

One day, when things were about as black for Sidney as they could well look, he was surprised to get a summons from one of the largest banks in town. What could they want! He had answered no advertisement of theirs; no employment office had a position in that bank listed. But Sidney lost no time in presenting himself to the director whose name was signed to the letter. It had given him no hint of what was wanted; only told him to call.

The director looked Sidney over critically as he stood before him. Then he said: "Be seated.

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I understand you are looking for a position. We are open for an assistant cashier. Would you like to have the position?"

Sidney almost gasped. Assistant cashier! "Why, sir, I—I should be honored, but it is a surprise."

Then the director said: "Where did you work before, and why did you leave?"

Sidney's hopes dropped. He gave the name of the firm, but hesitated to tell the story of his dismissal. However, he knew he must tell the truth.

"I was discharged, sir. Not because of poor work, but because I refused to work on Sunday. I'd rather not go into details. I suppose you will refer to Mr. Bancroft anyway, and he will tell you about it. Then you can judge for yourself."

Sidney's courage was going down by degrees. He began to wonder whether, after all, this was not some terrible mistake.

Then the director of the bank threw back his head and laughed. "I have had Mr. Bancroft's references already, and that is why I am offering you the position."

Sidney was puzzled, and his face plainly showed it. "Mr. Bancroft recommended me!" he exclaimed.

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Then the director said: "Mr. Bancroft has a great many money transactions with this bank, and he is deeply interested in helping us keep a staff of honest employees. The other day I asked him if he could recommend any one for the position of assistant cashier, and he mentioned you. Said you used to work for him, but he had discharged you.

"Of course, I was surprised, and asked him why he was recommending you to me if he had discharged you. Then he told me the whole story, and ended with: 'You see, it is this way. I told him he could come back if he would give up his stubborn principles about Sunday working. I know he still has no job, for I have been keeping track of him. And I know he's mightily worried too. But he won't come back. I know that. He'll stick to his principles. He is absolutely honest and dependable, and that's what a bank wants in a cashier. It is to my interest to keep honest cashiers in this bank, and I recommend him.' "

The director laughed again, and added: "So, young man, since even the employer who discharged you recommends you, the position is yours, if you want it."

XIX.

THE DICTATES OF CONSCIENCE.

IN the days when King Louis XIV. reigned in France, Raul LeBlanc was twelve years old. When a boy gets to be twelve years old he knows many things, but there were some things Raul could not understand.

Chief among the things that puzzled him was the question of religion. Why had the French troops burned down their little church? To be sure, it was a Protestant church, for Raul's family and friends were French Huguenots. But what difference did that make? And now that they had no church, they worshiped in people's houses. But they always set a watch at the door to give the alarm in case the king's troops came into the neighborhood.

Only a week before a group of worshipers had been given the signal that the troops were near. Some of the people slipped out the back door and scattered into neighbors' houses. Some hid themselves in the cellar. Raul had

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gone with his mother to the cellar, and he remembered the sound of the tread of feet above them as the soldiers tramped through the main rooms to assure themselves there was no meeting in progress. How still they had kept! Raul scarcely breathed until the door slammed and the sound of tramping feet grew faint in the distance.

Afterwards Raul said to his father: "Why can't we hold church services even in our homes without having the soldiers bother us?"

The father replied: "Because we are Protestants, and France is a Catholic country and the king is an ardent Catholic."

Raul drew his forehead into a puzzled frown. "Yes, I know, but why does that make any difference? Everybody says Louis is a great king. I remember that time we were in Paris and I caught a glimpse of him. He looked so splendid in his gold-laced coat and with that big white feather in his cocked hat. Why should he let the soldiers harm us, even if we are Protestants?"

The father explained patiently: "The king is very religious, but he does not understand that real religion is a matter of loving God and following the teachings of Jesus in the way we think and live every day. The king's idea

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of religion is to make everybody a member of the Catholic Church. He believes it wicked to allow any one to think for himself in religious matters or to worship in any other church."

Raul answered: "I know, father, but there was a treaty long ago, after the awful massacre of St. Bartholomew's, saying we might worship as we please."

"Yes, son, but lately the treaty is not kept, even though the king did promise to maintain it. I heard just the other day of how dragoons are quartered on the estates of some old and prominent Huguenot families, making them practically prisoners, eating their food and trying to torture them into becoming Catholics."

Raul asked no more questions, but he did not stop thinking and wondering.

One day there were disquieting rumors afloat. People said the king had done away with the Treaty of Nantes—the treaty that had promised protection to the Huguenots—and that open war would be made on them now.

Raul's father went to the town headquarters to learn the truth. Yes, it was true. The king had repealed the treaty. All Huguenot *ministers* were ordered *out* of the country. Every other Huguenot was ordered *not* to leave the country on pain of death. Outposts and fron-

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tiers were being strictly guarded so no one could escape.

The idea was, that when the ministers were gone, the people themselves would be forced to become Catholics.

There was panic among the Huguenots during the days that followed. Children were taken away from their parents and sent to convents to be brought up Catholic. People were thrown into prison. Many, in trying to escape were captured and made to work as convicts or put to death. But, although the soldiers were watchful, fifty thousand families escaped and fled to England and Holland and America.

When Raul's father came home after his visit to the town headquarters, where he found that the rumors were true, he made preparations to flee with his wife and Raul in spite of the king's command not to leave.

To cover their departure, Mr. LeBlanc set fire to his house just as night fell. Their house sat apart from the other houses of the town, and he knew it could be burned without endangering other property. There was great confusion. The people and the soldiers crowded around to put the fire out, and in the confusion Mr. LeBlanc, with his wife and son, slipped

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through the crowd and into the shadow, and out to the woods at the edge of the town. In the excitement no one seemed to miss them until they were well on their way.

Cautiously traveling by night and hiding by day, hungry often, footsore and weary beyond words, the three fugitives made their way to the border. To pass the border would be the hardest part of their escape.

Mr. LeBlanc left Raul and his mother in safe hiding while he went to spy out the land. Sure enough, there was a sentry pacing back and forth. How far away was the next one? Cautiously peering through the trees, Mr. LeBlanc discovered another sentry distant about what would be two city blocks. But he noted that they both were on high ground, fairly clear of trees, and that between them was a ravine, wide and thickly wooded with low growth. He also noted that the sentries, being able to see for some distance, did not pace very close to this ravine, thinking it impassable, perhaps.

If one could slip quietly enough through the ravine so the sentries could not hear the movements, one could not, of course, be discovered.

Mr. LeBlanc went back to his wife and Raul. He told them the situation and de-

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scribed the lay of the land. "Can you crawl through the underbrush of that wild ravine, nearly a mile, perhaps, without making a noise loud enough to be heard?" he asked them. "We will try," Raul and his mother answered. "Nothing could be more dangerous than the position we are in right now."

Mr. LeBlanc gave them strict instructions, and the three proceeded. It was a risky undertaking. They walked back into the woods, found the mouth of the ravine, and made their way down into it. Progress was slow even while they could stand upright and walk, but when they were within sight of the sentries they dropped on their stomachs. Then foot by foot, rather almost inch by inch, through the long hours they crawled along the ravine. They were not afraid of ordinary rustling, but great care had to be taken not to make any crackling sound that could reach the ears of the sentries.

Feeling their way along, slowly, in the dark, crawling over fallen trees, through muddy places, and around thickets, they could keep no track of the passing hours. Their hands and faces were scratched, their clothes were torn. They dared not so much as lift themselves to their knees for fear of attracting attention. Occasionally a rotten tree trunk gave way as

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they crawled over it, and they would hold their breath in fear. How far did the sound carry! Once they surprised a small denizen of the woods that scuttled madly away at their approach. Their hearts seemed to stand still. They listened for some sign that the sentries' attention had been attracted.

They could not tell how far they had gone nor how long they had been traveling in that painful way, when the day began to dawn. The father cautiously raised himself to his feet and looked around. They had come to the end of the ravine. The sentries were too far behind to be seen. They were safe—beyond the borders of France! Nothing could harm them now.

They were exhausted and weak with hunger, but free! It was not long before they came to a house whose occupants took pity on them and gave them food and a place to rest. They met many kind people, and in time they were able to get passage to America, where all might worship as they chose and in whatsoever church they chose without fear of hindrance.

At first Raul could not get used to going openly to a Protestant church, where there were no guards on watch and every one seemed at ease. A sudden sound would make him start up, but his father's hand upon his knee would

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reassure him. In time he realized that in this new land there were freedom for conscience and protection for all God-fearing people. Gradually the memory of the days of terror dimmed, but Raul never forgot the principle they had taught him, that every man has a right to his honest convictions in religion, and must be given the privilege of worshiping God as his reason and conscience may direct.

Long afterwards the Catholics learned toleration, and freedom of worship came to Europe also.

XX.

DAVID WHO WATCHED WITH THE SHEPHERDS.

DAVID was the son of a shepherd. He lived nearly two thousand years ago in Palestine. How proud he was to be named for the great King David of old! He used to say to himself: "When I grow to be a man, I am going to be a brave shepherd like that other David. Of course, I'll never be a king, as he grew to be, but, at any rate, I can try to act like one."

But as yet David was not old enough to tend the sheep alone. But, oh! how he used to beg to go with his father when he watched over the sheep in the night. David used to dream about keeping guard on the hill. How his heart would thrill as he thought of the darkness and the silence and the swaying masses of sheep!

Often and often he had said to his mother: "When may I go with father to watch the sheep at night?" The mother would say: "Oh, some

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time, lad." At last David grew tired of being put off. He felt he was getting to be a big lad and ought to be allowed to go.

One night it seemed to him that he just could not be denied again. He pleaded with his father, who, at last, said: "Ask your mother, lad, and if she says you may go, all right."

But this particular night seemed so dark and still that somehow the mother did not feel that she wanted him to go. "Stay, lad; would not it be better to wait? I feel your choice of a night is unwise. Some other time you may go. Be patient a little longer."

But David had waited so long. He was impatient. "Oh, mother, you always say I may go some other time. The darkness does not matter. It will only make it all the more wonderful. Please let me go. I know it seems dark, but the stars are shining."

At last the mother consented. David trudged off with his father, his young heart throbbing in his breast. How excited he was! Out through the shadows toward the hill they went. That was the best pasture, and that was where they would watch that night.

As they came to the pasture, another shepherd greeted David's father. "Hail, Jacob, a wonderful night this!"

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Jacob answered: "Aye, a wonderful night. So quiet and still! And the stars are so bright in the unusual blackness of the sky. I do not remember another night like this in all my shepherding. Jehovah is good to us. His mercy endureth for ever."

"Aye, good!" spoke another shepherd who had joined them. "But there is one thing we would ask more—to be free from Roman tyranny, to recover the glory of ancient Israel and the throne of our father David."

"But we have the promise," Jacob answered. "A deliverer will come. He will come."

Several shepherds now stood round. "Amen," they answered; "may He come quickly."

David echoed the words: "Ah! I wish He would come quickly. I should like to see Him."

The night was chill. The shepherds built a fire and sat around it. At first the lad could not sit down. He was too restless and excited. Everything was so wonderful. He would peer through the darkness, all his senses alert. What if a wolf should come out of the shadows this night and try to steal one of the lambs? David's heart beat fast. What should he do if such a thing happened? He strained his eyes toward the wilderness, where the wolves lived

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in the caves. But he saw no long, dark forms sneaking through the darkness.

After awhile David grew tired. He sat down with the men by the fire. Some of them had stretched out on the ground and were quiet—sleeping, perhaps. David watched the fire. His thoughts again went to the David for whom he was named. How often that David of the olden times had watched through the night. But often he had watched alone, and wolves had come and tried to steal the sheep.

David said to himself: "When I grow older, I'll not be afraid to watch alone. And if lions or wolves should come, I'd do like David did—I'd not be afraid. No wild animals shall ever get my sheep." Ah, yes! he'd be like that other David for whom he was named.

Night wore away. A drowsiness stole over his senses. The fire and the men gathered round it seemed far away, dim and unreal. His head nodded—his eyes closed.

A shout from the men rudely roused him. "Behold! What meaneth the light? Jehovah hath opened the heavens in glory this night."

The lad sprang from the ground in wonder. The glory nearly blinded his eyes. Then he made out the forms of angels and heard the words: "A child is born."

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"What child?" said David to himself. Then in the midst of his wondering he heard other words, but he only caught a few here and there: "City of David—Christ the Lord—swaddling-clothes—manger."

What did it all mean? Then the sky was filled with the sound of many voices in unison: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

The voices ceased, the light faded. Again the deep darkness descended. The shepherds still looked upward, partly in joy and partly in dread. Then one spoke: "Let us go to Bethlehem yonder."

Off they started together. They paid no attention to David—they had forgotten him. But David didn't mind. He followed closely. He did not know where they were going, for he had not sensed what the shepherd said. But he did not care. He would follow where they went.

The rest of the night was like a wonderful dream—the long walk to Bethlehem, the cave and the manger, and most of all the mother and the child they found there.

David and his father walked home as the first light of morning came over the eastern hill. He was living through it all again. It seemed

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more real even in memory with the light of dawn.

The mother stood in the doorway, eagerly looking down the road. This was the first night in all his young life that David had been away from his mother. She had felt a sense of disquiet all the night through. Now David was returning. He was safe. His coming lifted her load of anxiety.

David ran forward at the sight of his mother. "Oh, mother," he cried, "I saw Him, the Messiah, the Saviour of earth. Wasn't it wonderful I kept watch with the shepherds this night of His birth? And, mother, I shall never forget Him. When He becomes a man and takes His place as the Messiah, the Redeemer of Israel, then will I be one of His disciples and I will follow Him wherever He may go."

XXI.

THE MAN HE WANTED TO BE.

TOM was very sure about the kind of man he wanted to be when he was grown. Oh, yes, he knew quite well. He would be strong and athletic, successful in business, and honored by other men. He did not think very *often* about the time when he should be a man, but when he did think of it these were the things he decided upon.

But, strangely enough, all the rest of the time when he did not give a thought to the man he was to be, he went about living his life as though he never declared he would one day be a strong, successful and honored man. How we know this, you will learn later.

Now, it chanced that, one New Year's Day, Tom had eaten a very hearty holiday dinner. It was too stormy for him to play out of doors. He grew tired of reading, and, besides, his heavy dinner made him sleepy, so he threw himself down upon a couch and fell asleep.

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While asleep, Tom dreamed the queerest dream of which you ever heard. He thought he was upon a street corner where many people passed to and fro. Suddenly there stood beside him an angel. The angel said: "Tom, I have brought you across many years, and I am going to show the boy you were the man you have become."

Tom was puzzled. That was a strange remark; he could scarcely understand it at first. He murmured to himself: "The boy I was, the man I have become! What does he mean?"

Then the angel continued: "As you stand here upon this corner, with many people passing to and fro, I shall cause you to see yourself in the form of the man you have become. I want you to look closely at the men who pass and pick out yourself as the man you have grown to be."

Now Tom thought he understood. He said to himself: "That's easy." Then he looked closely and soon saw walking in the crowd a tall, strong man, clean cut, erect, athletic looking—a wonderful type of healthy manhood.

Tom pointed to this man and said eagerly to the angel: "There, there, see that man over there, the tall, straight fellow—there I am; there is the man I have become."

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The angel looked, but shook his head slowly. "No, no, that is not the man you have become. What makes you think it is?"

Tom answered indignantly: "Why, because I always said when I grew to be a man I should be big and strong."

"Oh," murmured the angel, "that is what you *said*. But now you have chosen wrongly; that is not you. Choose again."

Tom looked rather gloomy, but he turned back to watching the crowd. Eagerly he scanned the men who passed. Then he pointed excitedly to a man a short distance away. The man was finely dressed, very prosperous looking, and had a good, honest face. There seemed to be many people walking along with him. They were talking about the man; they seemed to be applauding him, though he did not appear to notice it. The people were praising him among themselves. They were telling one another how proud they were to have such an honorable and successful man in their community.

Tom's eyes shone with excitement. "Look!" he cried to the angel. "See that man. I know now I was mistaken before. There is the man I have become."

He wondered why the angel did not get excited, too, and was quite disgusted when he

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said in an even voice: "Why do you think that is you?"

"Why?" echoed Tom. "I'll tell you why. Haven't I always said I was going to be successful and honored? Isn't that reason enough?"

Again the angel answered quietly: "Yes, that is what you have *said*. But again you are mistaken."

"Mistaken!" cried Tom, indignantly. "Well, then, which one is the man I have become?"

The angel waited a moment or two before answering. The crowd was thinning, and a little way off there was a clear space, and one man walked slowly along by himself.

The angel pointed. "There you are, Tom, over there in the open space—see, the man walking alone!"

Tom looked. His face took on an angry look. "That man!" he cried indignantly. The man Tom was looking at was neither erect nor athletic looking. He was stooped and did not seem to have much vigor or energy. He was rather shabbily dressed, as though he had neither the money nor the ambition to dress himself well. No one seemed to pay any attention to him. No one was praising him or giving him honor.

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Again Tom said: "That man! Well, you surely are mistaken. How could I be that man?"

How exasperating was the calmness of the angel. He asked quietly, "What makes you think I am mistaken?"

Tom answered: "What makes me think so? Say, haven't I always said I was going to be big and strong and successful and honored? I guess I know what kind of a man I've become."

But the angel only answered once more: "Yes, that is what you *said*." Then, with a little more emphasis, he added: "But that last man is the kind of man you have worked to *become*."

Tom looked puzzled. "What I have worked to become! What do you mean?"

"I will tell you," said the angel. "Tom, life is a stairway, and every day is a step upward from boyhood to manhood. It makes no difference what you say you will become. But it makes all the difference in the world what you work to become. How you live on every one of those steps leading upward is what determines the man you become.

"You said you wanted to be a strong man. But how about those times you did not take

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care of your body? You neglected your exercise, slept with closed windows, forgot your teeth, ate what you should not and would not eat what you should for health. Every day counted in making the man.

"You said you wanted to be successful. A successful man must work hard. How about the times you shirked your duty? And every time you did you weakened your will power. How about the times you would not study, and failed to get good marks?

"You said you would be an honorable man. But how about the times you cheated; told a little lie to get out of something; failed to keep your word?

"Oh, I know what you *said*. But you can't get away from what you *did*." The angel's voice was sorrowful and his face was sad, as he continued: "It is too bad. But life is a stairway. I am sorry you did not know how to walk up."

So saying, the angel was gone, for at that moment Tom awoke. He sat upright with a start, rubbed his eyes and looked around.

"Gracious! What was I dreaming?" He thought a moment. "Oh, yes. Some one was showing me myself as a man. That fellow! Whew! I'd hate to be that kind of a man."

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Then he thought a moment more, and said: "But what was that the angel told me? Let me think. Oh, yes! Life is a stairway, and it depends on how you live each step of the way up what kind of man you will be."

He paused a moment, then added: "Say, I never thought of that. Maybe that angel is right. Let me see. That would make 365 steps in a year, and this is New Year's Day. Well, I guess I'd better watch my step."

XXII.

CO-ORDINATED STUDY AND SOCIAL ACTIVITIES.

(For Use with Stories on Social Living.)

IT is not the aim of this chapter to suggest special activities for each story, but to indicate activities under various phases of the idea of social living. The suggestions are in the nature of very simple projects which may be carried through the several sessions in which the stories related to that particular idea are told.

To a great extent the manner of giving these suggestions is very informal. As the writer has used these ideas with Juniors, the occasional interpolation of personal experiences, it is hoped, will not be considered improper.

The groups of children under the supervision of the writer, when these studies were used, were fairly large. Boys and girls were divided into separate classes. They came together for worship and for music practice, then separated for class study, the class teacher giving the

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story, conducting the discussion and supervising the class activity. In the more distinctly project type of work indicated, the classes met separately for discussion, study and the story, until the session before the climax of the project, then they would meet together to plan for the climax, and, of course, carry out the plans together.

In no case was any class teacher bound by mechanical restrictions as to material or procedure of study, though all followed the same general outline of work. Much was left to the initiative of the children and their interest leads followed so far as practicable.

When a dramatization was given before the larger group, if it was given by one class alone, it was worked out in that class and given as a surprise to the others. In the case of a dramatization including more than one class, the teachers decided which parts each class should contribute. Usually each class worked out the entire dramatization as classroom work, then the real participants would get together by themselves and perfect it. There is no objection whatever to girls taking male parts. In classroom, spontaneous dramatization, of course, the sex of the character and the sex of the participant need not be considered.

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GROUP I.—FAMILY LIFE.

(See Stories I. and II.)

Aim: To deepen the children's love and respect for parents and each other, and for their homes; and to help them live more harmoniously together.

Get the children to discuss the various types of homes: tents, Eskimo huts, log houses, palaces, cottages, bungalows and others. Also discuss the kinds of homes from which some of our great men have come. From the discussion draw out the idea of what makes a happy home—the kind of dwelling versus the spirit of the members of the family. Indicate clearly the fact of mutual love and respect, family worship, knowledge of and obedience to God's laws, obedience to father and mother, as of prime importance to a happy home.

Discuss also what can spoil a happy home: teasing, bossing, disobedience, uncalled-for tale-bearing, jealousy, failure to respect each other's rights.

Suggested verses to be looked up in class by the children and read aloud. (The writer has discovered a keen desire on the part of boys and girls to read aloud from the Bible.)

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Proverbs 16:32. John 13:34, 35.

Proverbs 15:1. John 15:12.

Ephesians 4:32. John 15:17.

Luke 15:11-24 (the story of the prodigal son).

Have the children work out a standard of home conduct. Let each one suggest one item. The teacher will write all the suggestions on the blackboard. From the suggestions, let the children choose the items which they think most important. Discuss each item freely and fully.

Using the items decided upon as comprising an ideal group, let each child make a poster to hang in his room at home. White, lightly ruled paper may be used, and after the writing is finished the white paper may be pasted on a colored mounting-paper of medium weight. At the top let each child write the heading:

MY RULES FOR HOME CONDUCT.

At the bottom each one may write something like the following:

WHEN JESUS RULES IN EVERY HEART, HOME IS A HAPPY PLACE.

Following are some rules actually worked out by classes under the writer's supervision:

1. At home I believe that I should be obedient to my father and mother.

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2. I should always be unselfish.
3. I believe I should be helpful whenever I can.
4. I should speak the truth and be absolutely honest.
5. I should be loving, thoughtful and kind.
6. I should be cheerful and happy.
7. I believe that I should be tidy, and that I should be polite.
8. I should read my Bible and pray to my heavenly Father, and I should always try to do the things He would want me to do.

One group of children, to some of whom Channing's creed was familiar, modeled its rules after this style:

To greet the day cheerfully;

To work willingly;

To act unselfishly;

To play honestly;

To study hard and speak gently;

And search for the true and noble always.

Another standard worked out by a group:

1. Be loving, obedient and helpful to father and mother.
2. Be loving and kind to brothers and sisters.
3. Think more of others in the home than of yourself.

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4. Be trustworthy in all that you do.

5. Let Jesus rule in your heart and in your home.

It would be well for the teacher to tell the children that when this study is completed, and at any subsequent time, she would be glad to receive reports on how they tried to keep the rules. It is not advisable to ask the children to report in class, but to report personally to the teacher. In a group of classes supervised by the writer, a number of children reported their efforts to live up to the rules adopted.

One little girl who lived with her grandmother said: "I always hated our home. Grandmother was always so cranky, and when she was cross and scolded, I 'sass'd' her back. I never wanted to stay home if I could go anywhere. But I am trying to keep the code, and now when grandmother gets cranky and scolds I don't 'sass' her back, and everything is ever so much nicer. I like to stay home now."

Suggested prayer: Dear Father in heaven, we thank Thee for that wonderful home in Nazareth where the boy Jesus lived with His family. We thank Thee for our homes and for our fathers and mothers and sisters and brothers. Help us to remember that Thou art in our homes. Help us to live joyously to-

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gether, loving and serving Thee, and each other. Amen.

GROUP II.—FRIENDSHIP.

(See Stories III., IV. and V.)

Aim: To show the pupils the real meaning of friendship, how to make friends, and how to be a true friend.

A week previous to this lesson the children may be asked to bring in pictures cut from magazines showing friendships among children. Many interesting ones can be found of children playing, studying and working together. For the use of those who forget, the teacher should supply herself with a number. The pictures may be mounted on heavy manila paper in class.

Let each child go before the group and exhibit his picture and tell the elements of friendship depicted. Give the children an opportunity to discuss each picture. The pictures may be thumb-tacked to the wall during the remainder of the study of this subject.

Suggestions for discussion:

What do you like in your friends that makes you want them for friends?

What are some things we expect in friendship?

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1. Courtesy.
2. Forbearance.
3. Truthfulness.
4. Loyalty.

From the beginning of this series of lessons the teacher should note the bearing and actions of the children toward one another. Without personalities, these points may be brought up for discussion.

Let the children look up and read aloud Matt. 26:46, 47, and contrast the loyalty of Damon and Pythias with the betrayal of Jesus by Judas.

Suggest to the children that they print the following mottoes. The best copy of each motto may be placed upon the wall of the classroom for several weeks.

A man that hath friends must show himself friendly.—Prov. 18:24 (King James Version).

Of what shall a man be proud if he is not proud of his friends?—Robert Louis Stevenson.

Jesus said, Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you.—John 15:14.

The first chapter of Ruth is a good story for reading and class dramatization.

Call attention to the fact that on the tomb of Robert Louis Stevenson were chiseled the words of Ruth to Naomi: "Whither thou

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goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God. Where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried."

Institute an "Invite Your Friend" day for Sunday school, vacation Bible school or week-day church school—or whatever may be the group using these stories. Boys and girls of the group may give the program, including the dramatization of the first chapter of Ruth, Stevenson's prayer, and retelling of one of the stories on friendship. It is not necessary that the friends invited be such as can join the group permanently.

Be sure to climax these lessons with the idea of Jesus being our best friend.

From Robert Louis Stevenson's prayer for his friends:

"We thank Thee for this place in which we dwell; for the love that unites us; for the peace accorded to us this day; for the hope with which we expect the morrow; for the health, the work, the food, and the bright skies that make our lives delightful; for our friends in all parts of the earth and our friendly helpers in this foreign isle. . . . Give us courage and gaiety and the quiet mind. Spare to us our friends, soften to us our enemies. Bless us, if

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it may be, in all our innocent endeavors. If it may not, give us strength to encounter that which is to come, that we be brave in peril, constant in tribulation, temperate in wrath, and in all changes of fortune, and, down to the gates of death, loyal and loving one to another.

GROUP III.—NEIGHBORLINESS.

(See Stories VI. and VII.)

Aim: To deepen in the children the sense of the necessity of living peacefully in their community, respecting the rights of neighbors and living rightly with their fellows in a friendly social order.

Children are always interested in hermits. Talk about why any one would choose to live a hermit's life.

Suggestions for discussion:

What makes trouble among neighbors?

1. Covetousness—envy of neighbors' greater possessions.

2. Selfishness.

3. Lack of consideration for others' rights.

Discuss (1) boys running over other people's lawns; (2) breaking trees; (3) picking flowers; (4) automobile parties invading farmers' orchards and gardens.

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How far should boys and girls go in Hallowe'en pranks? One Hallowe'en a group of boys marred a costly sign of a business concern. The sign could never be restored, and had to remain so marred until the firm felt it could afford a new one.

It is not enough to do no ill to neighbors; one must do active good. In a class some one told of a letter received by a member of his family from a friend, in which were reported neighborly actions at the time of death in the family of the writer of the letter: "The neighbors provided all the meals until after the funeral, with the exception of breakfast, and then they sent doughnuts and coffee-cake. There must have been a plan worked out among them, because, just before time for each meal, dishes of hot food would come in."

Let the boys and girls look up and read aloud passages telling what the Bible says about how to treat one's neighbors. (King James Version was used in making these selections.)

Proverbs 3: 29. Romans 13: 10.

Galatians 5: 14. James 2: 8.

1 John 4: 7. Matthew 7: 12.

Where two dispute, if the one's anger rise,
The man who lets the contest fall is wise.

—*Plutarch.*

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In several classes supervised by the writer, the girls dramatized a Girl Scout story entitled "Milly Master's Sister," in "Better Americans, No. 3," by Gates. (Missionary Education Movement, publishers.)

Ask the children to report on any one in their neighborhood whom they know to be lonely. If any one reports on an adult, the report may be turned over to the minister or a women's society. If any children report on a new boy or girl who has moved into their neighborhood, let them elect a "Be Neighborly Committee" of all members of the class in that neighborhood. This committee will be charged with making the newcomers feel at home in the neighborhood, and inviting them to join their games and their class. The committee will report in class later what was done. If the adult reported is a shut-in, it may be that the boys and girls can do something themselves to make the lonely one happier. This gives an opportunity for originality, and the teacher must judge what is wisest.

The minister of the church may be invited to tell the boys and girls what the church does to show itself neighborly—visiting by himself and the men's and women's societies, helping the poor, sending flowers to the sick, etc. Chil-

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dren are so often ignorant of the activities of the church in the matter of neighborliness.

Suggested prayer: Our God, we thank Thee because Thou art the Father of us all. Help us to live at peace with all people. Help us to be generous and considerate and play fair in our neighborhood relations. Grant that we may live with our neighbors in kindness and helpfulness, fulfilling the royal law of love. This we ask in the name of Jesus, the great advocate of peace and love. Amen.

GROUP IV.—OUR RELATIONS TO STRANGERS AND FOREIGNERS.

(See Stories VIII., IX. and X.)

Aim: To lead the boys and girls to appreciate the great principles of human brotherhood and understand the desirability of justice and courtesy in our dealings with people of every race and nationality.

Suggestions for discussion:

Do we have any responsibility toward people whom we do not know?

Why should we care if a strange woman enters a street-car with a baby in her arms and has to stand, or if a very elderly man or woman has to stand?

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What business is it of ours if a blind man stands on a corner waiting to get across a busy street?

Is it right to crowd ahead and push in entering street-cars; to talk, munch candy, hit one's feet against the seat ahead, or tap the feet in time with the music at movies or other public entertainments?

Is it any business of ours whether people we do not know starve, or whether the heathen get the gospel preached to them?

As the greater number of the stories in this volume are based on the idea of fair play, the children should be asked to look up in the Bible and read aloud again and again the following:

1. The Great Commandment—Matt. 22: 37-39.

2. The Golden Rule—Matt. 7: 12.

The children may be given pencil and paper and asked to write out a list of not less than six ways in which they may offer personal courtesies to strangers—either to boys and girls or to adults. Afterwards let each one read his list aloud. Pick out those things that may be done with reasonableness and safety. Ask the pupils to watch for opportunities for doing these helpful deeds during the week and report at the next meeting.

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Boys may dramatize "The Good Samaritan."

One group made a "Scroll of the Nations." The children brought in pictures cut from papers and magazines representing people of many races and countries. The best ones were chosen and pasted on a scroll. When the scroll was completed and displayed on the wall, one pupil asked, with a sort of newly awakened consciousness of the great number of different types of people: "Teacher, do I have to love all these?"

An "Every Land" party may be arranged. A mid-session party, to which the children might come representing many countries, would prove enjoyable and instructive. If possible, the children should come in the various native costumes. If not in costume, each child might wear across his chest a small flag of the country he represents or a broad band on which the name of the country is printed in large letters. All during the party the children should try to keep the attitude of mind of the country they represent.

For games:

Ask the children to do some research work in the matter of games played by the children of other countries. Boys and girls read so many books telling of children in other lands they should be able to bring to the party some suggestions of such games to play.

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For the program :

The teacher may call upon some of the boys and girls to try to imagine themselves in the actual position of a native of the land he represents, and tell how he would like to be treated by people of other nations. These assignments should be given out in advance, and the teachers should help the boys and girls with their talks.

The teacher may ask others to tell of some particular trait of character of their nation of which they are proud; as, French, thrift; Chinese, their ancient civilization; Japanese, courtesy; American Indians, endurance; negroes, their unlimited ability to enjoy simple fun; people of India, the fine intellects of their philosophers.

Any child who sings particularly well may be asked to sing the national anthem of the country he represents; groups may also be asked to sing various national anthems. Of course, all should sing "America," or "The Star-Spangled Banner," and "O Beautiful for Spacious Skies."

If desirable, the boys may give the dramatization of "The Good Samaritan," which they have worked out previously in class.

Boys and girls in a number of classes supervised by the writer delighted in giving a very

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simple dramatization entitled "Old Glory's Children," by Dorothy Green, which may be found in "Training the Junior Citizen," by Forsythe.

To this party may be invited as special guests any foreign children in the neighborhood. It may be some of these guests would be able to contribute something to the program.

Suggested prayer:

Dear Father, we thank Thee that Thou art such a great God. All the ends of the earth are Thine; Thou dost hold the universe in the hollow of Thy hands. Help us to realize that Thou dost love the whole world, all races and colors and nations; and that Thou didst send Thy Son that all people might be saved. Make us know that all are our brothers and sisters, and that the banner of Christ should unite "all mankind in service and love." Help us to deal justly and courteously with all men. Amen.

GROUP V.—FORGIVING OUR ENEMIES.

(See Story XI.)

Aim: To impress upon the boys and girls the need of putting Jesus' teachings into daily life, especially the teachings of forbearance and forgiveness.

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Jesus knew that the cause of most of the troubles in the world is that people do not have loving and forgiving hearts. They harbor jealousies and desires for revenge, sometimes even for the most simple injuries.

One day one of His disciples asked Jesus about forgiving people who wronged him. Jesus knew that every one wants to be forgiven when he does wrong, both by his heavenly Father and by his fellow-men, so He told them there is no limit to the times we should forgive, even seventy times seven. That would be doing as we should want God and our fellow-men to do to us.

Then Jesus told His disciples a story about a man who did not play fair; who was forgiven, but would not forgive.

The teacher may tell the story of "The Unjust Servant" (Matt. 18:23-34). Let her tell it, not as it is given in the Bible, but in the form of a story as it may be dramatized afterwards. Then let the children work out a dramatization.

The writer worked out such a dramatization with five different groups. The children enjoyed it immensely. The following is the dramatization as worked out by one group. The others were very similar. The teacher

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gave only guidance in the progress of the play and a suggestion here and there. The children who were not taking part were the critics and helped with suggestions. The participants first worked out the dramatization, with interruptions and suggestions, then gave it again without interruption. The following week the children who had not acted it out insisted on giving it, and the play was given over several times until every one had participated. The dramatization indicates the form in which the story was told.

SCENE I.

The master is sitting on a chair with a servant standing beside him. He is looking at his record of accounts.

Master—I see from my accounts that my head servant John owes me a great deal of money. He has owed it to me for a long time. I must see that he settles with me.

(Master knocks and another servant enters and bows low to the floor.)

Master—Bid my head servant John appear before me.

(Servant bows, leaves and returns with John. Servant walks onto platform ahead of John. When on the platform, he steps back

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and lets John pass him; then he goes off. John bows low before his master.)

Master—You have owed me a large sum of money for a long time. I demand that you pay.

John—Sir, I can not pay.

Master—Can not pay! You have had money from time to time, why did you not plan so you could take care of this debt? You know what happens to people who do not pay their debts. Their wives and children may be sold and they may be sent to prison.

John (falling on his knees)—Master, I beg of you not to sell my wife and children. But give me time and I will pay. Have patience and I will pay all.

Master—I suppose I should feel sorry for you. Well, I will be patient. If you will promise to save your money and not be extravagant, I will be patient. I will forgive you the debt. Go your way.

John—I am grateful, sir. Thank you. (Bows low and leaves, going off at left.)

SCENE II.

(Platform is bare. John comes walking from left and comes upon his fellow-servant

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who is walking from the right. A group of three other servants stands off to one side. These three are talking together. When they hear the voices of John and the fellow-servant, they stop talking and watch them. They look at each other, showing great disapproval of what John is doing, for they know that John has just been forgiven his debt by his master.)

John—Ah! here you are! I have been looking for you. Pay me that money you owe me.

Fellow-servant—I can not pay. I have no money.

John—No money! That is no concern of mine. You must get it. You must pay at once. I demand it. If you do not, I will send you to jail.

Fellow-servant—Have mercy. Have mercy. I will pay all some time. Do not send me to jail.

John—Wretch! I will not have mercy. I will take you to jail. You do not deserve mercy.

(John takes fellow-servant by the arm and drags him off. The watching servants hurry off left to go to their master. They do not speak, but indicate by their manner that they are going to inform him of this injustice.)

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SCENE III.

(Master is sitting in chair with servant beside him as in first scene. Group of three servants come on from left. They bow low, and one speaks.)

Speaker—We have just seen something we think you should know about. We know that you forgave a large debt to your head servant John. And yet he in his turn was not patient, but when he came upon a fellow-servant who owed him money, though not even so much, and could not pay, he would not have patience. He thrust his fellow-servant into jail. We do not think this is fair. (The others nod their heads and indicate that they agree with the speaker.)

Master—Thank you. I shall take care of it.
(Servants bow low and leave. Master knocks for the messenger servant, who appears and bows low.)

Master—Bring my head servant John to me.
(Servant bows and goes out. He soon appears with John. Servant retires and John bows before his master.)

Master—Did I not recently forgive you a large debt that you owed me because

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I was sorry for you and wanted to be kind? Did I not refrain from selling your wife and children and sending you to jail because you could not pay? I was patient and forgiving. Is this not so?

John—It is, master.

Master—Then, why were you not patient and forgiving with your fellow-servant who likewise owed you money, though not so much?

(John does not answer, but hangs his head in embarrassment.)

Master—Because of your unfairness you shall be punished. I will send you to jail so you may have time to think over the ideas of fairness and forgiveness. Your fellow-servant shall be released.

(Master knocks for messenger servant, who appears and bows low.)

Master—Take this man to jail and bring to me the other servant who was just taken there by this man.

(John and servant bow; servant takes John by the arm and leads him out. He shortly appears with the fellow-servant; leads him onto the platform and retires. Fellow-servant bows.)

Master—I have heard how you were unfairly treated by one who should have learned

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the lesson of forgiveness. I forgive you.
You are free.

Fellow-servant (falling to his knees)—Thank you, sir. Oh! thank you a hundred times!

A modern instance of one who followed Jesus' teaching of forgiveness: When President McKinley was assassinated, with almost his dying breath he forgave the man who shot him. That was the greatest event in the life of that splendid and great President.

Suggested prayer: Our heavenly Father, help us to follow in the way of the blessed Lord Jesus, who taught us how to love and forgive. May we show forth in daily life the power of love in all we do and say. May we harbor no ill will toward anybody; nor desire to get even when others are unjust or unkind, but to forgive and forget, and in that way make those who ill treat us our friends instead of our enemies. This we ask in the name of Jesus, who forgave even those who took from Him His life. Amen.

GROUP VI.—MAKING OTHERS HAPPY.

(See Stories XII., XIII., XIV. and XV.)

Aim: To impress the boys and girls with the joy and satisfaction of working with God to make the world happier.

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Do all the people in the world have what they need of the good things of life?

People who have plenty have a chance to grow bigger and finer in character by helping to make their fellows happier.

Way back in Old Testament times, God put it into the hearts of His people to help their less fortunate neighbors. In the old Hebrew laws were written the things God wanted people to do for the poor.

Let the children look up and read aloud Lev. 19: 9, 10, concerning leaving gleanings; and Deut. 15: 7-11, about giving to the poor. This will be impressive.

In the old days the Jews had a festival of harvest, the forerunner of our Thanksgiving Day. They brought the firstfruits of the season's ingathering to the Lord as a sacrifice.

Jesus said that when we do for the poor it is the same as doing for Him. Read Matt. 25: 34-40, and also 1 John 3: 17, 18.

The teacher may secure information about some near-by orphanage and give it to the children. The teacher should consult the orphanage directors regarding how her group may help give the orphanage children a good time. The following activities are suggested, as having been successfully tried:

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The boys may challenge the boys in the orphanage to a game of baseball. Those who do not play will go to look on or play other games with others of the children.

The boys and girls may make scrapbooks for the orphanage children, filling them with all sorts of gay pictures of boy and girl life and with jokes, as well as several good Bible pictures.

Some gift, in addition to the scrapbooks (which are especially for the younger orphanage children), would be welcomed by the orphans—perhaps apples and oranges.

The leader should start the boys and girls with their plans at least two or three weeks before they actually go to the orphanage, so they will get the most out of the stories and the actual contact.

The children should first discuss the things they are thankful for. After that a mere suggestion from the leader that they may like to share their good things with the orphanage children about which she tells them will elicit a responsive desire to give them happiness. They probably can not give dolls or radios, but any group could give apples and oranges.

The teacher should make every effort to keep the boys and girls perfectly natural in

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their attitudes toward the orphanage children. That there might be no chance for a hint of patronage, the leader might suggest to the orphanage directors that their children provide a little program of entertainment for their visitors in addition to the outdoor games. This will make the sharing mutual.

Perhaps the group can not go to the orphanage. In that event they may send their gifts, together with a little note. The getting together of the gifts offers an opportunity for classroom activity in the form of a simple stage scene.

The stage setting should be simple: chairs and table, with several boys and girls, plainly dressed, sitting around. The girls may be reading or sewing, the boys studying around the table, which is strewn with books. As the curtains open, they begin to talk.

First Boy—Say, do you know this is Thanksgiving week?

Chorus—Sure; every one knows that.

First Girl—I don't care if it is. I don't feel very thankful. We won't have turkey or any apples or oranges this year.

Another Girl—For shame! You ought to be glad you are here. What if you had no place to go? What would you do then?

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First Girl—Oh, I know it seems ungrateful, but sometimes I get so hungry for apples and oranges that I don't know what to do.

Another Boy—Well, I wish we had more books to read, too. But, ho! ho! Guess we'd better be pretty thankful for what we have. I am glad I am not starving. At that, we are better off than those refugees in the Near East I have been reading about.

First Girl—But wouldn't it be fine if some one would bring us all the oranges and apples we could eat? Matron says they are so expensive the orphanage can't buy them. (She starts up as some one off the stage calls, "Hurrah! Hurrah!") What's that?

(A girl bursts in and announces breathlessly: "Say, what do you think! Some boys and girls are bringing us apples and oranges and books. I saw them coming and heard them talking to the matron.)

Chorus of Voices (as all spring to their feet)
—Apples and oranges!

First Girl—Did you ever! We were just wishing for apples and oranges.

Girl Who Just Came In—Here they are now. What can we put the things in? (Spies a basket.) Here, this is just the thing. (Gets basket.)

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(At this moment the teacher will give a signal and the children in the audience will march around and put their gifts into the basket. As the gifts are put in, the orphans will say "Thank you" to each in turn. When the gifts are all deposited, donors will return to their seats and settle down to quiet at once. Children on the platform will resume their dialogue.

First Girl—Well, I never! This is the last time I'll ever complain. This is a pretty good world even for orphans.

Chorus of Voices—It surely is. Hurrah for the people who remember the orphans! (Exit.)

The note to accompany the gifts may then be written. The children may choose a secretary to do the writing after the wording has been decided upon. The teacher may take the children's suggestions and the note may be worked out on the blackboard and copied later by the secretary. It should be very simple and short.

Perhaps the boys and girls may prefer doing something for the Near East orphans. If they choose these orphans, of course they must send the money. Explain that they should not ask

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their parents for the money, but deny themselves something.

A good discussion may be had as to how much the boys and girls would like to give; what they can give up for the orphans—ice-cream cones, a movie, walk instead of paying carfare when the distance is not too great. The children should be given small envelopes in which to put the money, as they save it.

A large map of the world should be hung on the wall and the children given an opportunity to locate the places where the orphanages are situated. Interesting pictures may be obtained from any State headquarters of the Near East Relief or from the national office, 151 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Facts about the Near East Relief work for the leader's information:

More than sixty thousand children are being given care in Greece, Armenia, Georgia, the Caucasus district, and other Near East territory. The majority of these children are Armenians. Most of them are orphans, and were made such by reason of war conditions, massacres, such disastrous tragedies as occurred at Smyrna, and the unfortunate political situation which has necessitated the exchange of populations.

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Relief work and institutional work have been carried on by American relief workers under the direction of the Near East Relief since early in 1917. If it were not for this work, these thousands of children would either be dead or they would be wandering like animals in the deserts.

Since the work of the Near East Relief started, more than \$45,000,000 has been expended in the field. This amount does not include the expense of collection, the overhead in America for the maintenance of offices and workers. In all, 132,532 children have been cared for by this agency.

The children in the orphanages, as well as being clothed and fed and taught the rudiments of education, are learning to be self-supporting. The industrial shops are teaching the boys and girls all sorts of trades, and while learning the children are able to help in a very small way with the expenses, as they do beautiful work which can be sold. The gross receipts of the industrial shops near Aleppo now average an income of approximately \$2,495 a month on products of carpentry, shoemaking, tailoring, tinsmithing, blacksmithing, weaving and needlework. One orphanage reports 7,200 pairs of stockings knitted.

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There have been, and are, times when the industrial work must be halted for lack of means to buy material with which the children may work. The industrial sense of Armenians is very strong, as is also their gratitude to their benefactors. When the materials for work are lacking, the children will go to almost any length to get thread, etc., to work with. This work in the Near East will need to be carried on for a number of years to come, if we are to keep faith with these children.

A special program can be arranged for the day on which the money is brought in. The following is suggested: Songs, story, the sixty-seventh Psalm recited by a boy or a girl. Then have a girl representing an Armenian orphan come onto the platform and tell in her own words the story of her people. The teacher may help the child work out a simple story from the facts given.

At the conclusion of her story, a boy or a girl will go up and take his or her place beside the Armenian orphan and will make an appeal, something like the following:

We who live in America, with its safety and plenty, can scarcely realize that on the other side of the world there are people who live in constant fear of their lives; that there are

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people who are always hungry; that there are children like this orphan who are in want. People with love in their hearts and a desire to follow the teachings of Jesus give money that the hungry may be fed. Many people themselves go to be nurses and relief workers, giving up friends and homes for the sake of those who need them. If people should stop giving their money, thousands of children would be turned out of the orphanages to die. What can we do for this orphan and the thousands of other children in the Near East? Are we willing to share our plenty to relieve their want?

A boy or a girl in the audience arises and says: "We have money which we will gladly give. We have saved it from the money given to us to spend on ourselves."

All the children say together, "Yes, yes, we will give."

The children will then go up and drop their envelopes into a basket or bag which the child speaker who stands beside the Armenian girl holds. After the gifts are all in, the speaker will give the basket, or bag, to the Armenian girl, with a few words like this:

Here is money from our American boys and girls. They want to share their happi-

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ness with you and those others in your far-off land. We hope that hundreds of people in our favored America will also give that you and your brothers and sisters may know want no more, but may live happily as we do.

The Armenian girl will speak a few words of thanks, and both leave the platform.

Suggested prayer: O God of love, giver of all things, who hast filled our lives with plenty and gladness, we bow before Thee to-day. We thank Thee for our homes, the blessings of parents and love. We remember to-day that all people of the world are not so favored. Help us to have hearts full of love and sympathy and to work with Thee to make the world happier. Bless all the orphans in the world, and especially the ones for whom we have brought gifts. Grant them happiness and make us glad because we have helped them to be glad. May we more and more be workers together with Thee in Thy world. This we ask in the name of Christ, our Example and Saviour. Amen.

GROUP VII.—FAITHFULNESS IN SERVICE.

(See Stories XVI. and XVII.)

Aim: To impress the children with the fact that those who follow Jesus' teachings must live

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lives of service, even though it takes self-denial and heroism.

It is suggested that the group activities under this phase of the study of social living be in the nature of a discussion of incidents. A number of short sketches of lives of service may be typed and given to different members of the class in advance, so they will be able to read them readily in the class period. A few sketches are given herewith; others will suggest themselves to the teachers.

Joaquin Miller wrote a poem about Columbus and his men, describing the long weeks of sailing over what seemed to them an endless, shoreless sea. When the men, frightened and discouraged, with all hope gone, asked, "What shall we do?" Columbus answered, "Sail on! Sail on! Sail on!"

Ask the children if any of them know the poem. If so, let them repeat it. This is a splendid example of steadfastness of purpose.

PAUL, even when suffering in prison and condemned to die, did not regret all he had endured for the sake of being a faithful servant. He remembered the day he had that glorious vision on the way to Damascus when he was converted. He had asked then, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" Jesus had showed

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him the way of service, and he followed in that way and served Jesus and his fellow-men in spite of hunger, cold, beatings with rods, beatings with whips, stoning, shipwreck, imprisonment and death. At the end he could truthfully say, "I have fought a good fight; I have kept the faith." Paul lived one of the most heroic lives of service in all history.

When ABRAHAM LINCOLN was a young man he went on a trip to New Orleans. When his work was done, he wandered about the city to see the sights. He came to a slave market, where black (negro) men and women and children were being sold as slaves. They were put up at auction like cattle or furniture and sold to the highest bidder. Men were separated from their wives and children from their parents and sold to different people—carried off, never to see each other again. Lincoln was so overcome with horror that he hurried away from the scene, because he could not stand it. As he went he said to himself: "If ever I get a chance to hit that thing [meaning slavery], I'll hit it hard." All the rest of his life he stood for the freedom of the slaves, although his friends told him at the beginning of his public life that it would ruin his career. It did not ruin his career, and one day when he was

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President he had the great joy of signing a paper that made five million human beings free.

JOSIAH was eight years old when he began to reign in Jerusalem. He was too young to do any great service for his people. But as he was growing to manhood and wishing for opportunities to serve, he discovered that the temple needed repairing. That was something he could do. He gave instructions to have it repaired. The workmen found a book of the law that had been lost, and the priest brought it to Josiah, explaining that it was part of their Holy Scriptures. Josiah read it and found stern commands against worshiping idols. He was troubled. His people had fallen into idol-worship, and now he was convinced that God was displeased. This gave him a desire for a splendid service. He would do away with idol-worship and have his people live so God would be pleased with them. But it was a dangerous step to take. Perhaps his people would object and rise up against him. But "he did that which was right in the sight of the Lord, and turned neither to the right nor to the left." He ordered the idols to be destroyed and the priests of the idol-worship put down. He issued a command that thereafter the people should worship only God. His people admired

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his courage, understood that he desired only their good and to serve them, and they turned to the worship of the true God.

DAVID LIVINGSTONE was one of the greatest servants of others that we have knowledge of. He loved God with all his heart and his neighbor as himself, even better, it seemed sometimes. Nothing could turn him aside from the task of service he set for himself—to open up the dark continent of Africa to the preaching of the gospel. His hardships and sufferings are beyond our imagination. He traveled through jungles, over deserts, waded rivers, tramped through swamps where the spongy mixture of mud and water was up to his waist and lizards would fasten themselves upon him. Such hardships he endured for days and weeks and months in succession. He was often hungry; often sick from swamp fever and exposure; he even fought with wild animals. He had a lame arm for life because a lion had crushed the bone. He was often in danger of the wild, savage tribes. But he persevered to the end because of his devotion to God and his desire to serve the needy people in Africa.

Point out to the children that real heroism always means either a conquest of self or service to others or both. Those who are the

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greatest heroes and heroines are always those who have served the best.

Suggested prayer: Dear Father in heaven, we thank Thee that Thou didst send Jesus into the world to show us the real meaning of service. We thank Thee for His works of healing, for His works of teaching. We thank Thee that even as a boy Jesus understood that His first duty was to be about His Father's business. Make us helpful in our homes, in school, to our friends and neighbors, to all who need what we can do for them. And as we grow to be men and women, help us to serve in bigger things, and to know that in work or play we can be helpful to others and pleasing to Thee. This we ask in Jesus' name. Amen.

GROUP VIII.—THE CHRISTMAS LESSON.

(See Story XX.)

Aim: To impress the boys and girls with the fellowship of people in all parts of the world in the celebration of Christmas.

A child may recite the poem, "Everywhere, Everywhere, Christmas To-night," by Phillips Brooks.

In one group the children were much interested in hearing of the various customs of other lands in the celebration of Christmas. Children

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were dressed in the costumes of various countries and told of customs they followed which were different from ours. If it were found inadvisable to try to costume the children, they could just tell the name of the country they represent before telling their story.

Information on this subject may be found in "Yuletide in Many Lands," by Pringle.

Discuss the power of the gospel and the faithfulness of those who through the years have witnessed for Jesus. Compare that little group who celebrated the first Christmas night with the vast numbers who every year now remember the birthday of the Christ-child, the thousands who now worship Him.

Suggested prayer: Dear Father in heaven, we thank Thee for sending Jesus into the world to be our Teacher, our Master and our Saviour. We are glad for the spread of the blessed story of Jesus into so many parts of the world. Help us as we celebrate the birth of our blessed Lord to crown Him King in our hearts. Amen.

GROUP X.—STRENGTHENING OUR GOOD RESOLUTIONS.

(See Story XXI.)

Aim: To help the children see what good habits are necessary to the growth of fine

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character, in what habits they are weak, and how to strengthen their resolutions to correct their faults.

The teacher may write on the blackboard a list of virtues that we need to practice; as, for instance:

Obedience.

Neatness.

Honesty.

Studiousness.

Promptness.

Pure thoughts.

Doing the duty that confronts us.

Being a loyal disciple of Jesus Christ.

After a free and full discussion of the need and meaning of each of the foregoing points, the teacher may give the boys and girls a sheet of paper on which has been mimeographed something like the following:

UPWARD STEPS FOR THE COMING YEAR.

As I climb the steps of the coming year, I will give special attention to and try to be more faithful in—

(Here let the boys and the girls write in their resolutions.)

After the teacher has given out the slips, she should explain that she wants each boy or each girl to look at his or her life honestly, decide on the points where he or she is weak and write on

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the sheet the good habits he or she is resolved to strengthen the coming year. Give a few minutes for the children to think, then the leader may offer a prayer, after which the children will write their resolutions and sign their names, fold the sheets and hand to the leader. Do not let any atmosphere of pretense enter into this procedure. Stress sincerity.

Suggested prayer: Our dear Father, we thank Thee for life. We are glad that Thou dost give us one day at a time to live; that Thou dost give us a new chance each day to correct the faults of yesterday. Help us to desire the very highest good that life has to offer, and help us to live day by day at our very best. May we strive to please Thee in every way, to be loyal and true disciples of Jesus Christ whom Thou didst send to show us the right way of life. If we follow Him, we shall come to manhood and womanhood true and honest and pure; we shall live lives of helpful service; and at the end of life we shall be able to say with Paul, "I have fought a good fight; I have kept the faith." And when we stand before Thee in eternity, may we hear Thee say: "Well done, good and faithful servant." This we ask in our dear Redeemer's name. Amen.

XXIII.

SUPPLEMENTAL.

Suggestions of hymns to be used with stories.

Stories I. and II.—“Home, Sweet Home,” “O Happy Home,” “Yield Not to Temptation,” “Blest Be the Tie that Binds.”

Stories III., IV. and V.—“What a Friend We Have in Jesus,” “Love Thyself Last,” “I’ve Found a Friend,” “I Would Be True,” “O Master, Let Me Walk with Thee.”

Stories VI. and VII.—“Somebody Did a Golden Deed,” “Love Thyself Last,” “Angry Words, Oh, Let Them Never,” “Kind Words Can Never Die.”

Story VIII.—“Have You Had a Kindness Shown?” “Take My Life and Let It Be,” “Somebody Did a Golden Deed.”

Story IX.—“We’ve a Story to Tell to the Nations,” “The Whole Wide World for Jesus,” “Brightly Beams Our Father’s Mercy.”

Stories X. and XI.—“America the Beautiful,” “I Would Be True,” “Dare to Be Brave,”

STORIES FOR THE JUNIOR HOUR

"Yield Not to Temptation," "True-hearted, Whole-hearted."

Stories XII., XIII., XIV. and XV.—"O Master Workman of the Race," "Have You Had a Kindness Shown?" "Somebody Did a Golden Deed," "When the Lord of Love Was Here," "Hark! the Voice of Jesus Calling," "It May Not Be on the Mountain's Height," "O Master, Let Me Walk with Thee."

Stories XVI. and XVII.—"God Will Take Care of You," "Dare to Be Brave," "True-hearted, Whole-hearted," "Where Cross the Crowded Ways of Life," "Brightly Beams Our Father's Mercy."

Story XVIII.—"O Day of Rest and Gladness," "Safely through Another Week," "Yield Not to Temptation."

Story XIX.—"Faith of Our Fathers," "Dare to Be Brave," "Father, Lead Me Day by Day," "I Would Be True."

Story XX.—"Joy to the World," "It Came upon the Midnight Clear," "While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks by Night."

Story XXI.—"Another Year Is Dawning," "Ring Out the Old, Ring in the New," "I Would Be True," "Rejoice, Ye Pure in Heart."

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SUGGESTIONS FOR SUPPLEMENTARY STORIES.

Family Life.—"About Angels," in "The Golden Window," by Laura Richards; "The Little Grandmother," in "The Children's Hour," Bailey and Lewis.

Neighborliness.—"Neglect the Fire and You Can Not Put it Out," Tolstoy; "Where Love Is, God Is," Tolstoy.

Strangers and Foreigners.—"How the Artist Forgot Four Colors," in "Primary Missionary Stories," Applegarth; "Anmuammal's Lost Sheep," Rosa Nolting, in "Here and There Stories" (pamphlet), published by the Congregational Publishing Society.

Forgiving Our Enemies.—"The Persian and His Son," in "World Stories Retold," Sly; "Coals of Fire," in "Ethics for Children," Cabot.

Making Others Happy.—"The Happy Prince," in "Fairy Tales to Tell Children," Oscar Wilde; "Little Gavroche," in "Stories for Worship and How to Follow Them Up," by Hartshorne; "The Boy Who Gave a Cup of Cold Water," in "The Rules of the Game," Lambertson; "The Coming of the King," in "The Golden Windows," Laura Richards.


STORIES FOR THE JUNIOR HOUR

Faithfulness in Service.—"Grace Darling," in "Heroines Every Child Should Know," Mabie and Stephens; "Florence Nightingale," in "Heroines Every Child Should Know;" "Father Damien," in "Heroes Every Child Should Know," Mabie; "Vive La France," in "Tell Me a Hero Story," Stewart; "Wu Yuan, A Chinese Hero," in "Rules of the Game," Lambertson.

Dictates of Conscience.—"William Tell," in "Walks with Jesus," Chamberlain and Kern (series entitled "Child Religion in Song and Story").

Good Resolutions.—"The Lumps of Clay," in "The Blue Flower," Van Dyke.

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